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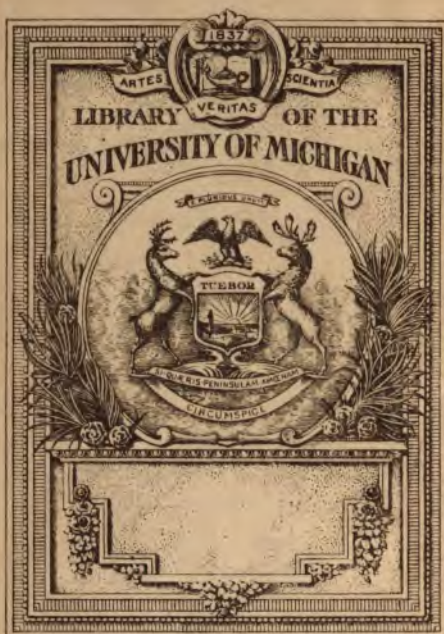
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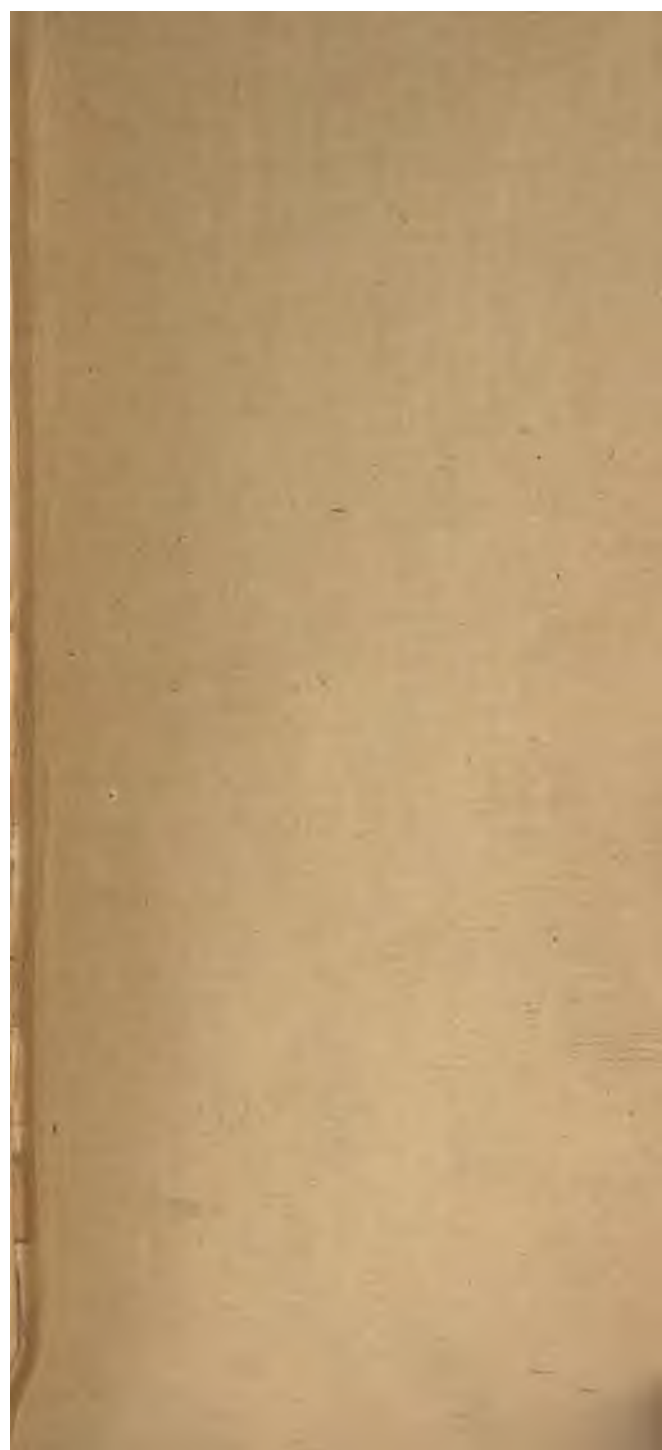
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The Babelot Series.



RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM



NOTE.—This present edition is a direct reprint, with the added advantages of having the Rubá'iy numbered, of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, Translated by Justin Huntly McCarthy, M. P. Published by David Nutt in the Strand (London) MDCCCLXXXIX. (Fcap 8vo. Pp. lxiv and i-clviii.)

The original edition has a colophon: "The printing of this book was begun by the Chiswick Press, Tooke Court, Chancery Lane, in January, MDCCCLXXXIX, and was finished in May of the same year. Five hundred and fifty copies were printed on small paper and sixty on large paper." Printed throughout in small capitals.

**THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR  
KHAYYÂM**

*Translated into English Prose  
by*

**Justin Huntly McCarthy, M. P.**

***Printed for Thomas B. Mosher  
and Published by him at  
45 Exchange Street, Portland,  
Maine. Mdcccxcvi***

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6516  
.M12  
1896

*This Edition is limited to 925 copies.*

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## DEDICATION.

TO ANDREW LANG.

**D**EAR singer of the North, for all the hours  
The happy hours I owe you take at least  
These echoes of our singer of the East  
Where still the brown bird sings, the tulip flowers,  
The wine runs red, the flute-girl haunts the bowers,  
Where still the Poet, drinking at life's feast  
Smiles at the jest of Potter Prince, and Priest,  
The doom of thrones and Babylonian towers.  
You who love Omar, you whose verses rest,  
Like Omar's longed-for roses, on his tomb,  
Forgive the rashness that would fain conjure  
The watcher of the stars, a welcome guest  
Into your presence from the cypress gloom,  
And glory of enchanted Naisbápur!





## INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION



## INTRODUCTION.

I SHALL never forget the day when I first made acquaintance with Omar Khayyám. It was years ago, "I shall not say how many, but not many," that FitzGerald's translation was lent to me to read by a young lady who has since been found "dear to the Muses," and whom destiny had evidently marked out for sympathy with Persian scholarship, Miss Mary Robinson, the charming poetess, who is now the wife of the distinguished Orientalist, Mr. Darmestetter. She had herself, if I remember rightly, been introduced to Omar by the late Mr. E. W. Godwin, a man whose rare abilities have inexplicably left less mark upon the time than might have been expected. To say that the *Rubáiyát* were a revelation to me and that I adored the revelation would be but to convey a pitiful and meagre sense of my enthusiasm. I drank the red wine of Omar from the enchanted chalice of FitzGerald and gloried, as joyously as Omar himself, in the intoxication. The book was not mine to keep, but I knew it almost by heart before I parted with it; and I speedily had an Omar of my own. From this Omar with infinite pains I made a small copy which I carried about with me, carried with me in wanderings to Italy and read and re-read;

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*read in all manner of fair Italian cities, till even now the winds of Verona and the waters of Venice and "praecepta anio" seem to bear the burden rather of the dear old Persian singer than any echo of Romeo, or Tasso, or Horace. I made myself a kind of little religion out of Omar; I became a burden to my friends; my writings—for I wrote even in those days—seemed with the persistency of Hotspur's starling to do little save echo the name of Omar.*

*From the Omar of FitzGerald's incomparable verse to Omar himself, the real Omar in his native Persian was a step, but a hard step. I plunged into Persian for Omar's sake; I struggled with the strange script of the East; I became possessed of Mr. Whinfield's edition first, then of Nicolas's, the one accompanied by a rendering in English verse, the other by a translation in French prose. With these, in such leisure as I could find, and at long intervals, I grappled. My Persian of to-day is at the best but beggarly, but such as it is it has given me infinite pleasure. I have got a little nearer to the great poet of Naishâpûr; I dare not say I know him better, I could not say I love him better; shall I say that I have read more of him? The result of scattered studies and efforts renewed at long intervals lies at my hand, a mass of translation, here brought together not so much for what it is worth as for what it would be worth. "Take the will for a better deed." Such as it is it sets forth the meaning of Omar as I could best fathom it.*

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*It is no "crib" to the Persian text, no hard and fast literal translation. I have sought to convey the meaning of my poet as it appeared to me; I have set it down in prose, because, firstly, prose can give the meaning more nearly than any verse could give it, secondly, because it has never been done in English prose, thirdly, because it has been done in English verse once and for ever, and to attempt verse again is but to put oneself in comparison with FitzGerald which, in the pithy phrase of the great Hellenic humourist, "is absurd." Think then of these poor renderings but as rose petals gathered hastily from the grave of Omar, and pardon the faded trophies for the sake of the living tree.*

*The fate of Edward FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám" is almost unique in literature. "Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli," said the amiable Carthaginian Latinist, Terentianus Maurus, long ago, in an hexameter of which four words have become fatally backneyed. But certainly few books have had a stranger fate than that of FitzGerald's Khayyám. In MDCCCLVIII Mr. FitzGerald took his rendering of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, then only one among many aspirants for that throne and kingship of the book-world which he has since reached. It was printed as a small quarto pamphlet, with the publisher's name and without the author's, and was a most uncompromising, hopeless, dismal failure. It found no buyers at*



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*its published price of five shillings, it found no buyers at four shillings, at three shillings; it ran a rapidly descending scale without appealing to the public, which would even have none of it at sixpence. At last it dropped into that pitiful purgatory of luckless books, the box marked "All these one penny each," which is very much more than three stages more degraded than the "Fourpenny Box" of which Mr. Andrew Lang sings. At a penny each the two hundred copies of Omar Khayyám which had been printed were at last forced into the hands of a reluctant public. Alas, and alas! the man who could buy those two hundred copies back now at a guinea a copy would be making a magnificent and unhappily impossible bargain. The last time I saw a copy of the first edition quoted in a catalogue it was priced at four guineas, and I do not imagine that it would be easy to get one at that price now. Even the second edition—which, by the way, is a very important edition—is out of print and most rare, and the third edition is worth a guinea a copy. But this is anticipating. When the Rubáiyát had at last been disposed of at a penny per copy it chanced that it fell into the hands of certain very remarkable men. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Captain Richard Burton got copies of the book, and, men of genius, recognized its genius. All three poets, they saw in the little book the work of a great poet. To that one of the three who was destined to be a most illustrious*

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*Orientalist the marvellous beauty and truth of its Eastern atmosphere must have been especially apparent. Each of the three men had a great influence upon the artistic thought of the time, each of them avowed himself an impassioned disciple of Omar and his unknown translator, each of them preached Omarism to his friends and followers. In a little while the Khayyámists had swelled from a mere handful of men to a growing army, and soon it became clear that a reprint of the once rejected Rubáiyát was a necessity. In MDCCCLXVIII the second edition was published, enlarged and considerably altered, not always with success. This new edition found a very different fate from the old; it sold rapidly enough to call for a new edition in MDCCCLXXII, with further alterations which represent the author's final form, as it scarcely differs at all from the fourth edition of MDCCCLXXIX. By the time the third edition was reached, the fame of Omar and of FitzGerald was secure. It is characteristic of the man that none of the editions bore FitzGerald's name upon the title-page. The fame was to be the fame of Omar, and only to a comparatively few for a long time was the name known of the anonymous man of genius who had given Omar Khayyám a niche in the pantheon of English literature. For example, the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, in his edition of the Book of Ecclesiastes for the Cambridge Bible Series draws an elaborate and interesting parallel between the utterances of Kobeleth and*

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the verses of Omar. It is curious, however, to note that in this study of what he calls "*A Persian Kobulath of the twelfth century*," he does not seem to be aware of the name of the translator of the *Rubáiyát* on which he builds his argument.

It would be difficult indeed to over estimate the influence of Omar Khayyám upon the thought and the literature of the day. Mr. Swinburne, who has so largely influenced the literary form of the generation, was himself profoundly influenced by Omar, and the influence may be easily seen in his earlier works. He was the first English poet after Edward FitzGerald, to make use of the *Rubáiyát* form of verse in "*Laus Veneris*," introducing into it an exquisite artistic amplification by which the third unrhymed line of the Persian form rhymed with the third line of the next stanza. Mr. Edmund W. Gosse was, I think, the next to use the form in the charming introduction to his first independent volume of verse "*On Viol and Flute*." Since then it has practically taken its place as one of the recognized forms of English verse, and one, too, of the most beautiful. I always imagine that I can trace not a resemblance, but a sympathy between "*Félise*" which I consider to be perhaps the most beautiful of Mr. Swinburne's most beautiful volume, and the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. To Mr. Swinburne Omar owes the most eloquent tribute in the English language, the words which are to be found in a note to

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*the Essay on Blake. There is no evidence that I can trace of any Omar influence in Rossetti's work, and, curiously enough, his brother William Michael Rossetti in his interesting preface to the collected edition of Dante Gabriel's writings, does not even mention the fact of his either reading or admiring "Omar Khayyám." FitzGerald's name is mentioned but only in connection with another work. "Calderon, in FitzGerald's translation, he admired deeply; but this was only at a later date," and a few lines further on, Mr. William Rossetti adds the curious information that he had "Little or no curiosity about Oriental—such as Indian, Persian, or Arabic—poetry." Those who have ever enjoyed the felicity of hearing Sir Richard Burton recite Rubáiyát of Omar in their sonorous Persian, know best his admiration for the astronomer poet, and the estimation in which he holds him.*

*Only an admirer of Omar Khayyám could have written the Kasídab—couplets—of that Hâjî Abdû El-Yezâî, who must rank in the shadow-land of mythical Orientals with Mirza Schaffy, and whose "Lay of the Higher Law," known to the fortunate, represents in verse of intensely Eastern aroma, the creed of El-Hichmakâni, a surname of Hâjî Abdû, signifying "Of No-ball, Nowhere."*

*The hour is nigh; the waning Queen walks forth to rule  
the later night;  
Crown'd with the sparkle of a Star, and throned on orb  
of ashen light:*

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*The Wolf-tail sweeps the paling East to leave a deeper  
gloom behind,  
And 'Dawn uprears her shining head, sighing with sem-  
blance of a wind.*

*It opens as Khayyâm opens, with the False  
Dawn, the Wolf-tail; here are some verses that  
have something of the resolute independence of  
Khayyâm in them.*

*'Do what thy manhood bids thee do, from none but self  
expect applause,  
He noblest lives and noblest dies who makes and keeps his  
self-made laws.*

*All other Life is living Death, a world where none but  
'Phantoms dwell,  
A breath, a wind, a sound, a voice, a tinkling of the  
camel-bell.*

*How then shall man so order life that when his tale of  
years is told,  
Like sated guest he wends his way; how shall his even  
tenour hold?*

*Despite the Writ that stores the skull; despite the Table  
and the 'Pen,  
Maugre the Fate that plays us down, her board the  
world, her pieces men?*

*"Hâjî Abdû," says his editor, who signs  
himself F. B., "has been known to me for more  
years than I care to record." Perhaps it will  
not require any very profound capacity for  
penetration to discover that Hâjî Abdû and F.  
B. are identical, and that the F. B. are but the  
honest mask that conceals Sir Richard Burton.  
There is no such person as Hâjî Abdû. It is  
curious to recollect that there was a time when  
the earlier admirers of FitzGerald's poem were*

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well-nigh doubtful of the very existence of Omar Khayyám, doubtful certainly as to whether he wrote anything at all resembling the rhymes which the anonymous translator attributed to him.

Admiration for Omar Khayyám was evidently in the air some twenty years ago. For in MDCCCLXVII, M. Nicolas, formerly dragoman of the French Embassy in Persia, and then French consul at Rescht, brought out an elaborate edition of the *Rubáiyát* of Omar in their Persian text accompanied by a rendering in French prose. There is not the slightest reason to assume that M. Nicolas had ever heard of the English version, or for the matter of that of Edward FitzGerald. If as between one Orientalist and another, any link, even of the slightest casual correspondence, had existed, it may be imagined that M. Nicolas would have alluded to his English colleague in his Preface. There is no such allusion. The idea of doing Khayyám seems to have come to him quite independently. "I often thought," he says, "during my stay in Persia that a French translation of the *Quatrains* of Khayyám might have some interest for literary Europe." M. Nicolas put his case modestly, but when he returned to Paris and favoured certain of his friends with citations from Omar, they were fired with enthusiasm, and urged him to print. The result was the handsome volume which is perhaps even a greater glory of the "*Imprimerie Impériale*" than the magnificent and monu-

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*mental edition of the Shab Nameh, carried through by M. Julius Möhl. It is interesting to find that Omar found a similar fate in France to that which he experienced in England. He was at once recognized and welcomed by men of genius. Théophile Gautier, the most artistic mind of France, read the Khayyâm of Nicolas, and immediately wrote upon it an article which appeared in the "Moniteur Universel" for VIII December, MDCCCLXVIII, and has since been reprinted in the two delightful volumes of his "L'Orient."*

*It is certainly not surprising that Théophile Gautier recognized the genius and the beauty of Omar Khayyâm, and that he consecrated to that admiration some of the most perfect pages of his prose. To such a poet, to such an artist, it was only necessary that Omar Khayyâm should be made known in order that he should be loved. But it is a little curious that much about the same time, and quite independently, English scholarship and French scholarship should be at work upon Omar Khayyâm, and that a great English poet and a great French poet should be alike fired with enthusiasm for the Persian poet who had been brought to them from the oblivion of long centuries. Théophile Gautier is as enthusiastic about the Omar known to him through Nicolas as Swinburne is about the Omar known to him through Fitzgerald. The very way in which he begins his essay shows how deeply he was impressed. " 'Have you read Baruch?' La Fontaine asked*



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*everybody he met after a study of that Prophet which had profoundly impressed his mind. 'Have you read the Quatrains of Khayyám?' we should feel inclined to say, so much has the book impressed us since we turned its pages." And then Gautier goes on to sketch the life of Omar, and to appreciate his verses with that fine decisive sympathy which is most admirable when shown by poet to poet.*

*Théophile Gautier's words help to conjure up a characteristic, delightful picture of Omar Khayyám seated on some wide white terrace at the cool of the day with friends and dancing-girls about him, with cups and jars at hand, with some book of verses hard by, the fair fine Persian script black upon the ivory-tinted vellum all gorgeous with blues and reds and powdered with gold. Here the skimmer of the stars set free his soul, laughed at the mollahs, sang his divine songs and "Loosed his fingers in the tresses of the cypress-slender minister of wine." Or we may imagine him walking in some garden red with roses and noisy with nightingales, and meditating upon the doom of youth and beauty and the grinding Wheel of Heaven which reduces Jamsbid and Kai Khosrou to Potter's clay and bids tulips spring from the cheeks of perished loveliness. Or yet again reclining in some green place where the lilies blow like the lazy Horatian child of genius, "By the smooth head of some sacred stream," with wine and rhymes and a delicious friend. But always melancholy, as melancholy as*

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*Kobeletb yesterday, Schopenhauer or Julius Babnsen to-day, filled indeed with what Renan calls "la grande curiosité," but wholly unable to gratify it or stifle it.*

For my own part I can never accept the Omar whom some would have us believe in — the Omar whose verses are all a juggle of mysticism, whose love of wine is but a cheating cant, whose phrases of passion are but the overstrung and most unseemly utterances of the unbinged devotee. It is certainly true that poets who praise wine are not always wine-bibbers. Athenæus insinuates that Anacreon, that hero Eponymus of all pot-companions, was in reality a strict teetotaler, member, no doubt, of many Hellenic Bands of Hope. Turgueniev too, in one of his novels, speaks of a Russian poet who was famous for his Bacchanalian verses, but who never himself tasted wine on any consideration. But it is impossible to think of Omar Khayyâm as such an one. He was no sheer sensual worshipper of wine, women and song, like some of the children of Golias, but we may take it for granted that he shared the opinions of Martin Luther on the tree, and that his writings have nothing in common with the Golden Book of Molinos, or the quietism of Madame Guyon.

Yet another great writer in another part of the world was touched by the genius of Khayyâm — Emerson, in the article on Persian poetry which appeared in "*Letters and Social Aims*," in the waning years of his life pays his tribute

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too of homage to Omar Khayyám. Yet it does not appear that Emerson knew anything of FitzGerald or of Nicolas, of the enthusiasm of Gautier or of the enthusiasm of Swinburne. The collection of translations of Von Hammer-Purgstall were for him the key that unlocked the heaven of Persian poetry. But it was enough for Emerson, as indeed it was enough for any high spirit, to come in contact with Omar Khayyám to recognize a master. He bails "Omar Chiam" as he, following Von Hammer-Purgstall, spells the name, as one of those Persian poets who "promise to rise in Western estimation," and he renders a Quatrain himself thus:—

On earth's wide thoroughfares below,  
Two only men contented go:  
Who knows what's right and what's forbid,  
And he from whom is knowledge bid.

Long years before that, Emerson, in his "English Traits," had predicted and predicted rightly the growth of "an irresistible taste for Orientalism in Britain." It is only natural that the ruling island of an empire so largely Eastern should come in the fullness of time to have that "taste for Orientalism" which Emerson predicted, and to count in its service such scholars and poets as Edward FitzGerald and Sir Edwin Arnold.

In Germany, as might be expected, Omar found many admirers, and many translators, the latest of them the eminent poet Friedrich Bodenstedt who has also translated much of

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*Háfiz, and who so audaciously and ingeniously invented and foisted upon the world the Persian poet Mirza Schaffy, one of the cleverest pieces of literary deception ever practised. Bodenstedt is a poet and a good poet, and his rendering is of interest to the student, but his complete indifference to the form of his original is a little trying. He hardly ever adheres to the original manner of the Rubáiyát, and dashes off whenever he feels inclined, which is frequently, into any other lyrical form which suits his fancy or his convenience. Other German scholars before Bodenstedt had studied Khayyám. Von Hammer-Purgstall, as we have seen, had translated some of him, and called him not too unhappily the Persian Voltaire. Ruckert translated a couple of Quatrains, and called Omar a "Magical Poet." Other German authors, too, have tried their hands at renderings of Omar's song.*

*Finally, there is a rendering of Omar Khayyám into Hungarian, in a tiny dainty little volume, published at Buda-Pesth without date, under the title of "Keleti Gyöngyök," which being interpreted means "Orient Pearls." It is dedicated to the great linguist and traveller Arminius Vambéry. It is translated from the edition of Nicolas, containing exactly as many Quatrains in exactly the same order as in Nicolas. To say that my knowledge of the Hungarian language is limited would be to pay that knowledge too great a compliment. Still, such as it is, it enabled me to puzzle out some*

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*of the Magyar rendering and to ascertain that it seems fairly closely translated. It is in verse, but it does not follow the form of the original, as the Quatrains are throughout given in rhymed couplets, instead of in the three rhyming and one non-rhyming line of the original Rubáiyát. It is an exceedingly dainty little volume, delightfully adapted for the pocket, and I wish with all my heart that Mr. Quaritch would give the world a new edition of FitzGerald's rendering in a form so companionable and delightful. It is highly creditable to the scholarship and the taste of Hungary that such a book should be produced and should be popular in Hungary. But it is only one further proof of the extraordinary vitality of the Magyar tongue, too much neglected by linguistic students in other countries. It would be worth while learning Hungarian, not indeed in order to read Omar Khayyám, but to read the novels of Jókai.*

Probably the first mention of Omar Khayyám's name in England, though not in English, occurs in "*Veterum Persarum Religio*" of Thomas Hyde published in MDCC, in which Khayyám is hailed as king of the wise and wonder of his age. But, speaking roughly, the name of Omar was practically unknown to English Oriental scholarship until FitzGerald came. The name of Omar was dimly familiar as that of an eminent astronomer who wrote a standard work on algebra, a sort of Oriental "*Cocker*,"—Hájí Khalfa seems to regard him

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*solely as a mathematician—but it seemed never to occur to anybody that the astronomer and algebraist was also a poet of the highest order, and that to call him the peer of Háfiz of Saadi, or any other of the recognized glories of Persian song was to pay a very decided compliment to those same glories. I do not think that Sir William Jones, to whom English Orientalism owes so much, and who had in him something of a literary skill in verse making, ever mentions Omar Khayyám's name as a poet. You may search in vain through Gore Ouseley's attractive volume on the Persian Poets for a hint as to his existence. You may search in vain the best biographical dictionaries of all but the most recent years for any entry of his existence. It may be said in fact that up to a very recent period, Persian poetry meant to English scholars, Firdousi, Háfiz, Saadi, Nisami, Jâmi, and a few others, and that nowadays, it means, first and foremost, Omar Khayyám, and that the others are only at best his peers.*

*There is an edition of FitzGerald's translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, which is known only to the few. As Edie Ochiltree says of the mound in "The Anti-quary," "I mind the biggin' o't." At Harry Quilter's house one night, the house that Godwin built and that Whistler inhabited, and over which such a war of epigram has been waged, at Mr. Quilter's house one night where half-a-dozen were gathered together in the name*

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of good fellowship, someone suggested that it would be a pleasant thing to have a privately-printed edition of Omar Khayyám. Mr. Quilter, then as now governed by an indomitable energy, immediately and warmly took the notion up, and carried it out with all speed. The result was an enormous quarto volume, naturally exceedingly slender, and printed upon a curious coarse paper full of blots and blemishes, and which looked exceedingly like tea paper. Why this particular paper had been chosen remained a mystery. But it was presumed that it lent some odd bibliophilic charm to the book. It certainly was not an attractive book; it was much too big, and print and paper recalled the comments of Browning's degenerate detestable priest, but it had two advantages; it gave FitzGerald's text without any notes, and it was a literary curiosity. It is indeed a very rare book, and if a copy of it ever gets into the market, it goes at a high figure. I myself once, and once only, saw a copy exposed for sale in a bookseller's window. I went in out of curiosity and for old acquaintance sake and asked the price, and found that it was a pretty stiff figure. I am divulging no secret in telling of this mysterious edition, for Mr. Quaritch knows all about it by this time. A copy came into his hands after FitzGerald's death and figured thus in a subsequent catalogue of Oriental books.

"Omar Khayyám, the *Rubáiyát*, translated into English verse, Royal 4to. Title printed

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on the covers, BDS. 108. London, John Campbell, Jun., MDCCCLXXXIII. A pirated edition; the first leaf bears the following inscription:—"To the translator, with the printer's thanks and apologies. Henry Quilter." It is word for word an exact reprint of Mr. FitzGerald's translation."

"Word for word," I should think it was; that was the point of the whole thing; the intention was well meaning; the execution fell below the intention. It would be interesting to know what Edward FitzGerald thought of it; he ought at least to have been flattered by the genuine admiration of which it was the proof. I had a copy, and found its ample margins passably useful for writing notes of parallel passages and the like, although the paper was about as agreeable to write upon as blotting paper, or the mysterious fabric upon which the cheap editions of French novels are mostly printed. A very delightful little American edition, printed, I think, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is an exact reprint of the third English edition, but charmingly printed on one side of each page only, leaving the other blank, and seeming to invite some adventurous calligraphist to inscribe the Persian text thereon. There are, too, the editions with Mr. Vedder's illustrations.

The only other English translation of Omar known to me is Mr. Whinsfield's. This appeared in its first form in MDCCCLXXXII as a slender volume of Trübner's "Oriental



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*Series," containing some ninety-one pages of verse translations in the same form as Mr. FitzGerald's. This version rendered two hundred and fifty-three Quatrains in a manner more literal than Mr. FitzGerald's. That they should even appear to compete with him by being in verse form was perhaps unfortunate, although had they appeared before Mr. FitzGerald's masterpiece, they would have been rightly regarded as respectable specimens of verse renderings from an obscure author. In the next year MDCCCLXXXIII, appeared a new edition, in which the number of Quatrains was increased to five hundred, and the Persian text placed opposite the English verse rendering. This is undoubtedly one of the most valuable contributions to Khayyám literature ever made, and would have been even more valuable than it is if Mr. Whinfield had given a prose instead of a poetical rendering of the Persian text. The Persian text is beautifully printed; the introduction and notes are good; it is altogether a scholarly, serviceable piece of work that might be bettered but remains very excellent. Perhaps some time Mr. Whinfield may be induced to publish his text with a literal prose translation, and win the gratitude of all Khayyámists, and, for that matter, of all students of Persian song.*

*America has quite recently added one to the number of existing translations of Khayyám. Mr. John Leslie Garner of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin—a town, by the way, of which the*

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population is five-sixths foreign, and chiefly German—published some time last year, “*The Strophes of Omar Khayyám*.” We need not pause to ask why “*Strophes*.” Mr. Garner following Mr. Whinfield’s lead, has ventured to run his version into verse : here is a specimen *Quatrain* :—

*Khayyám, your body is a Tent, your Soul,  
A Sultan destined to an Unknown Goal ;  
The Dread Ferrásb of Doom destroys the Tent,  
The Moment when the Sultan’s Summons toll.*

*This is very fair of its kind, yet it has only  
to be compared with FitzGerald’s to show the  
rashness of attempting to render Omar in verse  
after the Master. Here is FitzGerald’s :—*

*’Tis but a Tent where takes his one-day’s rest  
A Sultan to the realms of Death addrest,  
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrásb  
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.*

*Nothing more need be said.*

*Mr. Andrew Lang in those “Letters to Dead  
Authors,” which are at once the delight and  
the despair of ambitious youth has addressed  
some verses to Omar Khayyám which have  
caught with exquisite felicity the music of  
FitzGerald’s form.*

*Wise Omar, do the Southern Breezes fling  
Above your Grave, at ending of the Spring,  
The Snowdrift of the Petals of the Rose,  
The wild white Roses you were wont to sing ?*

*This is the very perfection of the art of  
writing Rubdiyát in the FitzGerald manner  
—and if anyone think that an art easy of*

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*acquirement or of accomplishment, he has only got to take unto himself pen and paper, and to try assiduously and see what he makes of it. Mr. Lang adopts—with one exception, in the case of his last two Quatrains but four—the Swinburnian amplification, which rhymes the third line of one Rubáiyát with the next, and so binds the poem together with a completeness which would scarcely be possible in any rendering of the disconnected pearls of Omar's chaplet. I cannot help questioning, however, the conclusion to which Mr. Lang arrives in his last verse.*

*Serene he dwelt in fragrant Naishápúr,  
But we must wander while the Stars endure.  
He knew the Secret: we have none that knows,  
No Man so sure as Omar once was sure.*

*I cannot find it in my heart to think that Omar was sure of anything except perhaps the motions of the stars, and the inexorable laws of algebra. Indeed, I think the "Singer of the Red Wine and the Rose" was a good deal troubled in his mind about many things.*

*The only information which D'Herbelot gives upon Khayyám contains the lovely legend which is linked with his name, but gives no hint of recognition of his fame as an astronomer, a mathematician, or a poet. Here is the entry:*

*"Khiam. Name of a Mussulman philosopher who lived in the odour of sanctity in his religion, towards the end of the first and the beginning of the second century of the Hegira.*

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*"In the year CV or CVI of the Hegira this philosopher, being in the company of certain of his friends, said, 'Man, my sepulchre ought to be in some spot where the spring may cover it with blossoms every year.' One of those who was present, and who is the author of the book called 'Mag'ma Alnauadir,' who chronicles this event, said thereupon unto himself, 'Is it possible that a man so wise should utter words so contrary to those of God who lays it down in the Koran, "No man knows in what spot he shall die?"'"*

*"Many years after, this same individual being on a journey to Nischabour in Khorassan, to visit this personage, who had died in the odour of sanctity, found that his sepulchre was at the foot of the wall of a garden where the trees, loaded with flowers and natted one within the other, so completely covered it, that it was impossible to see it; and this brought back to his memory what he had heard spoken formerly."*

*This is all that D'Herbelot had to say, or at least says, about our Omar. The legend is lovely, but it is not enough.*

*Our Omar was born near Naishápúr in Khorassan, early in the eleventh century of the Christian calendar. It is said that he took his surname of Khayyám, the tent-maker, which was indeed his father's trade, from a spirit of modesty strangely unlike that which allowed Ferdusi to call himself the "Heavenly," and Saadi the "Happy." In the famous college*

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*of Naisbápur, Omar came to finish his education; in the college of Naisbápur, he made two friendships with two very famous men. Between Omar Khayyám, Abdul Khassem, and Hassan-Sebbáb, there was the closest friendship; the musketeers of Dumas's prose epic were not more fondly attached. They swore together once in past proof of their friendship, at the suggestion, it is said, of Omar, that whichever of them was first and best blessed by fortune, should come to the aid of his less fortunate comrades, and crown them with benefits. It was deeply sworn, and the winner kept his word. When the youthful college days were past, and fate, as Richter says of his hero brothers, had taken their bleeding hearts, and flung them different ways, Abdul Khassem rose to great distinction at the court of Alp Arslán, the second king of the Seldjoukides Dynasty, became at last what we should call Prime Minister, and received from his flattered lord the title of Nizám El Moulk, which being interpreted signifies Ruler of the Empire. To Nizám El Moulk on the top of fortune came the two friends of the trilateral pact, and called upon his recognition of the collegiate oath.*

*It is pleasant to be able to record that Nizám El Moulk seems only to have been pleased at the possibility of fulfilling his word. He asked each in turn what was his heart's desire. Omar was a poet, a philosopher, a mystic, and a student of the stars. "Give me," he said, "the revenues of the village where I was born. I am*

## INTRODUCTION.

*a dervish; I am ambitionless; beneath my father's roof I can please myself with poetry and the study of the Supreme."* Hassan Sebbâb, more worldly, asked for a place at court. The wish of each was answered to the full. Omar went to his village, studied the stars, wrote verses and algebra—amazing combination—and took a great deal of pleasure, it is said, in sitting on his terrace in the moonlight and drinking much wine in the company of friends, lute-players and dancing-girls, to the considerable displeasure of the Philistines of his day. Hassan Sebbâb's career was wilder and darker. Once in court, he began to plot with all his might against his friend and patron Niẓâm El Moulk; discomfited and disgraced, he fled to the mountains, sharked up a list of lawless resolute, and became famous or infamous to all time as the Old Man of the Mountains, the founder of the Assassins. By the hands of one of these Assassins Hassan Sebbâb avenged himself on his old friend and late enemy. Niẓâm El Moulk was found dead in his bed one morning, stabbed by the dagger of one of the mad slaves of the Old Man of the Mountains. It is curious to think of our sweet and cynical Khayyâm as the comrade and friend of the grimmest and most murderous fanatic in the range of history.

Hâfiz was in many ways distinctly a follower of Omar Khayyâm. There are passages in the Ghazels of Hâfiz which resemble certain Rubâiyât of Omar Khayyâm too closely for mere chance similarity. Thus this verse:—

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"One morning an unseen voice in friendly tone calls to me from the wine-house 'Come back thou who hast so long served at the threshold,' " is exceedingly Khayyâmesque. Again, "the chant of the bird is heard once more, but where is the wine-flask? The nightingale is lamenting, who will withdraw the veil from the rose?" And again:—"I will cast into the fire my rags, stained like the rose with wine." And this, especially:—"A twain of clever friends, a flagon of old wine, quiet, and a book and a corner of the lawn; I would not exchange this condition either for this world or that which is to come." And once again:—"To-morrow our draught may be from the river of Paradise and amidst the Houris: but to-day enjoy the radiant looks of the cup-bearer and a goblet of wine." And yet again:—"Hâfiẓ, leave thou the 'How and the Wherefore,' and drink for the moment thy wine. His wisdom hath withholden from us what is the force of the words, 'How and Wherefore.' " Once more:—"In this world of clay there is no real man! we must make a new world and create a new Adam." All these parallels were noted by me long since from the delightful little volume of translations from Hâfiẓ by the late S. Robinson, long, alas, out of print and hard to find, and might no doubt easily be multiplied.

Farewell, dear old Khayyâm. You have been my companion in many lands, by Tiber, and Nilus, and dry Ilissus. I have lived with

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*you and loved you and learned your lessons, and now this bumble disciple from the frozen North lays his poor tribute on the Master's tomb. Keats once entreated some traveller who was going to the East, to take a copy of "Endymion" with him, and when he came to the great Sabara, to cast the volume from him with all his force far away into the yellow waves of sand. It was a delicious fantastic wish, that the loveliest poem of our later English speech should lie and drift in the remote Sabara, and be covered at last in the sand that has engulfed so many precious things, but none more precious, caravans, and gold, and tissues, and fair slaves, and the chiefs of mighty clans. If I might frame a wish in distant emulation, I would choose that some wanderer to the East, some Burton, some Kinglake, some Warburton, might carry this little book in his saddle-bags, and ride ibrough Khorassan till he came to Naishápúr, and cast it down in the dust before the tomb of Omar Khayyám.*





OMAR KHAYYÁM.

O MAR, dear Sultán of the Persian Song,  
Familiar Friend whom I have loved so long,  
Whose Volume made my pleasant Hiding-place  
From this fantastic World of Right and Wrong.

My Youth lies buried in thy Verses : lo,  
I read, and as the haunted Numbers flow,  
My Memory turns in anguish to the Face  
That leaned o'er Omar's pages long ago.

Alas for Me, alas for all who weep  
And wonder at the Silence dark and deep  
That girdles round this little Lamp in space  
No wiser than when Omar fell asleep.

Rest in thy Grave beneath the crimson rain  
Of heart-desired Roses. Life is vain,  
And vain the trembling Legends we may trace  
Upon the open Book that shuts again.



THE RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM.



THE RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM.

I.

**S**INCE it is the fate of man upon this hateful earth to feed on sorrow and to vex his soul, he must be accounted happy who departs swiftly from the world, but he most happy who never comes into the world.

II.

*The secret of Eternity is far from thee and me; the word of the enigma is unknown to thee and me; behind the veil is speech of thee and me; but if the veil be rent, what happens to thee and me?*

III.

*Without clear wine I cannot live; without the wine-cup I cannot lift the load of life; I am the slave of that fair hour when the cup-bearer bids me drain yet another cup and I cannot.*

IV.

*The rose said, "I am the Yusuf flower, for my mouth is full of gold and jewels." I said, "If thou art the Yusuf flower, show me a certain sign thereof." And she made answer, "Perchance that I am garbed in a blood-drenched garment."*

V.

*Long time I sought in this shifting world for a moment's halting-place. I spent in my endeavours all my wit, and lo! I learn that the moon is but a pallid wheel beside thy beauty, that the cypress, by thy slender form, seems a grotesque deformity.*

VI.

*Yea, drink wine, for by him who is far-seeing as I am, it will be found that in the eyes of the Deity the act is of small account. God from all time has foreseen that I should drink wine. If I drank not, this fore-knowledge would become ignorance, or I should not fulfil His fore-knowledge.*

VII.

*Rise and come hither, and for mine heart's ease solve at least one problem: bring swiftly here a flask of ancient wine, that we may drink our fill before folk make flagons of our clay.*

VIII.

*When I am dead, wash me with vintage juice; instead of prayers recite over my tomb hymnals of wine and flagons, and if you seek me at the latter day, look for me in the dust upon the tavern threshold.*

## IX.

*Since no man dares play prophet for to-morrow, hasten to lift thy heavy laden heart. Drain, O delightful moon, a crimson cup, for Heaven's moon will turn a weary white and fail to find us.*

## X.

*Let the lucky lover be drunk from year's end to year's end, drenched in wine and garbed in shame; for when we are wise and wide-awake sorrow assaults us from all quarters, but no sooner are we drunk than we laugh at fortune.*

## XI.

*In Heaven's name, why does the philosopher set his heart upon the trophies of this house of many sorrows? Let him who calls me drunkard clear his eyes and tell me if he sees on high even the sign of a tavern.*

## XII.

*Every morn I say, this shall be the night of repentance, repentance from the flagon, and from the bowl brimming over, repentance. Yet now that the season of roses has come set me free in the time of the rose from repentance, O Lord of repentance!*

## XIII.

*Speak sooth, thou Little Wheel, what have I done to thee, that thus, beaten and persecuted, I should be driven by thee to beg my bread from town to town and find my draught in the flowing stream?*

XIV.

*I passed by where a potter kneaded earth and  
I beheld what he did not behold, that it was my  
father's dust which lay in the palm of that  
potter.*

XV.

*Man is like unto a flagon and his soul is the  
wine therein: his mould is like unto a reed, and  
his soul is the sound therein. What is earthly  
man, O Khayyám, but a paper lantern of fancy  
and a lamp therein.*

XVI.

*Since life seldom answers to our heart's  
desire, of what avail are all our hopes and all  
our strivings? Our spirits are always vexed,  
always are we saying in sighing, "Too late we  
came, too soon we must depart."*

XVII.

*Since the Heavenly Wheel and Fate have never  
been your friends, why should you reck whether  
the Heavens be seven or eight? There are,  
I say again, two days for which I take no  
thought, the day which has not come, and the  
day which has gone for ever.*

XVIII.

*O Khayyám, why so much mourning for your  
sin? What consolation can you find in thus  
plaguing yourself? He who has never sinned  
can never taste the sweet of forgiveness.  
Mercy was made for the sake of sin, therefore,  
why are you afraid?*



XIX.

*No one has ever passed behind the veil that masks the secrets of God. No one shall ever pass behind it; there is no other dwelling-place for us than the bosom of the earth. Woe's me that this secret, too, should be so short.*

XX.

*I myself will pour wine into a cup which containeth a full measure. Two cups thereof will content me, but I will immediately three times divorce from me religion and reason, and wed the daughter of the vine.*

XXI.

*Oh, my beloved, full of graces and witcheries, seat thyself; and thus, quenching the flames of a thousand desires rise not up again. Thou forbiddest me to gaze upon thee, but thou might as well command me to turn down the cup, without spilling the contents thereof.*

XXII.

*Seek the company of men of righteousness and understanding, and fly a thousand leagues from a man without wit. If a wise man giveth thee poison, fear not to drink thereof, but if a fool offereth thee an antidote, pour it out upon the earth.*

XXIII.

*My well beloved, may her days be long as my sorrows, is kind to me again. She cast upon me a sweet and fleeting glance, and straightway vanished, saying, no doubt, "Let me do good and cast it on the water."*

## XXIV.

*The Koran, which men call the Holy Word, is none the less read only from time to time, and not with steadfast study, while on the lip of the cup there runs a luminous verse which we love to read always and ever.*

## XXV.

*You who drink no wine, blame not the bibbers, for I would liefer renounce Heaven than renounce the juice of the grape. You plume yourself upon your temperance, but this false glory sits vilely on one who commits deeds a thousand times more vile than honest drunkenness.*

## XXVI.

*Although my body may be comely, although its odour may be suave, although my colour may mock the tulip, and my figure shame the cypress, it is not clear to me, nevertheless, why my Heavenly painter has deigned to limn me on this world.*

## XXVII.

*I wish to drink so deep, so deep of wine that its fragrance may hang about the soil where I shall sleep, and that revellers, still dizzy from last night's wassail, shall, on visiting my tomb, from its very perfume fall dead drunk.*

## XXVIII.

*In the kingdom of hope win all the hearts you can, in the kingdom of the presence, bind to thyself a perfect soul, for, be sure, a hundred Kaabas, blent of earth and water, are not worth a single heart. Give then thy Kaaba the go-by, and seek a heart instead.*

XXIX.

*Oh, wheel of fate, destruction falls from thy  
unconquerable hate. Tyranny has been thy  
purpose and thy pleasure from the beginning of  
things. And thou too, O earth, if we but  
digged into thy breast, what treasures should  
we not find therein!*

XXX.

*When our blood beats quickest with joy of  
the green earth, when the steeds of the sun  
sweep over the green earth, I love to wander  
with lovely girls upon the green earth, making  
merry together before we are all turned to  
green earth.*

XXXI.

*Every day when dawn appears, I will hasten  
to the tavern with the cheating kalendars.  
Then, thou that art Lord of the deepest secrets  
of man's heart, give me faith, if thou wouldst  
that I put faith in prayer.*

XXXII.

*Never, alas, do we drink with delight one  
drop of clear water without at the same time  
draining the bowl of bitter wine from the hand  
of sorrow. Never do we sharpen the savour of  
bread with the savour of salt without feeding  
upon our own hearts.*

XXXIII.

*Take a grip of the Koran with one hand;  
have a clutch at the cup with the other, and  
tremble between the lawful and the unlawful.  
So shall we sit beneath the vaulted sky neither  
wholly believers nor wholly infidel.*

## XXXIV.

*We should keep all our secrets from the indiscreet, from the very nightingale we should bide them. Think then, O Heaven, upon the harm you wreak upon poor human hearts in forcing them thus to bide from each other's eyes.*

## XXXV.

*O Cup-Bearer, since Time lurks hard by ready to shatter you and me, this world can never be an abiding dwelling for you and me. But come what may, assure yourself that God is in our hands while this cup of wine stands between you and me.*

## XXXVI.

*With cup in hand I lingered long among the flowers, and yet not one of all my wishes has been realized in this world. But although wine has not led me to the goal of my desires, I will not go from that way, for when man follows a road he turns not back again.*

## XXXVII.

*Place the wine-cup in my hand, for my heart is all afire and life slips from us swift as quicksilver. Arise, my beloved, for the favour of fortune is but a cheating dream, arise, for the flame of youth gushes like the water of the torrent.*

## XXXVIII.

*We are the servants of love; the devout are otherwise. We are poor ants, and Solomon is otherwise. Ask of us a visage wan with love, and tattered garments for the way of the world is otherwise.*

## XXXIX.

*Ascribe not to the wheel of heaven the woe  
and weal which are the portion of man, the  
thousand joys and thousand sorrows which Fate  
awards us, for this wheel, my friend, revolves  
more helpless than thyself along the highway of  
the heavenly love.*

## XL.

*I have flown like a sparrow-hawk forth from  
this world of mysteries, in the hope of reaching  
a higher sphere. But, fallen again to the  
earth, and finding none worthy of sharing the  
hidden thoughts of my heart, I have gone forth  
again by the door through which I came.*

## XLI.

*We are lost in love to-day, in the holy  
shrine we pay homage to wine to-day, sundered  
from our very being we shall touch the thresh-  
old of the eternal throne to-day.*

## XLII.

*The day when I hold in my hand a cup of  
wine, and when in the joy of my heart I drink  
myself drunk, then in that happy state a  
hundred miracles become clear to me, and  
words as limpid as water explain the mystery  
of things.*

## XLIII.

*Since every day is but two halting places,  
basten to drink thy fill of wine; for be sure of  
this, thou wilt never regain thy lost hours, and  
since thou knowest that this world drives swiftly  
to its total ruin, imitate it thyself, and day and  
night seek the sweet annihilation of wine.*

XLIV.

*Behold the dawn arise, O fountain of delights. Drink your wine and touch your lute for the life of those who sleep will be but brief; and of those who have gone hence, not one will e'er return.*

XLV.

*Yea, it is I, who, in this ruined tavern, surrounded by drinkers and dancers, have staked, for their sakes, all my belongings, soul and heart, and worldly gear, down to my very drinking cup. Thus I set myself free from hope of Heaven and from fear of Hell. Thus I am above the elements, earth, air, fire, and water.*

XLVI.

*Only a breath divides faith and unfaith only a breath divides belief from doubt. Let us then make merry while we still draw breath, for only a breath divides life from death.*

XLVII.

*The light of the moon has severed the black robe of the night. Drink wine, therefore, for thou wilt never find a moment so precious. Yes, give thyself up to joy, for this same moon will illumine long after us the face of the earth.*

XLVIII.

*The clouds are spread forth again over the faces of the roses, and cover them as with a veil. The desire of drink is still unquenched within my heart. Seek not yet thy couch, for the time has not come. Oh, beloved of my soul, drink wine, drink, for the sun has not yet vanished beneath the horizon.*

XLIX.

*O thou who knowest man's most hidden thoughts, thou who upholdest the halt with thy hands, give me strength to renounce, and heed my pleading, O thou who art the strength of all men, heed my pleading.*

L.

*I saw upon the walls of Thous a bird perched in front of the skull of Kai Khosrou. The bird said unto the skull, "Alas, what has become of the clash of the gear of thy glory and the bruit of thy trumpets?"*

LI.

*My run of life slips by in a few days. It has passed me by like the wind of the desert. Therefore, so long as one breath of life is left to me, there are two days with which I shall never vex my spirit, the day that has not yet come, and the day that has gone by.*

LII.

*This captain ruby comes from an unknown mine. This perfect gem is stamped with an unknown seal. All our conclusions on the question are vain, for the riddle of perfect love is written in an unknown tongue.*

LIII.

*Since the day brings with it a consciousness of youth, I mean to wile it away with wine even to my heart's delight. Do not blaspheme, on account of its bitterness, this glorious juice, for it is a delight to drink, and bitter only because it is my life.*

LIV.

O, my sad soul, since it is your destiny to be pierced to the quick by sorrow, since nature bids that you shall be troubled every day with a new torment, therefore, O my soul, tell me why you took up your abode in my body, seeing that you must one day quit it.

LV.

On that day of days which men call restful, set aside the cup and drink your wine from a larger measure. If you pledge other days with but a single draught, this day drink twice, for it is indeed the day of days.

LVI.

Him, on whom you lean with so much confidence, him, if your eyes were unsealed, you would know for your worst enemy. It is wise in these evil days to seek but little after friendship. The speech of our fellows rings fair only from afar.

LVII.

Oh, my heart, since this world grieves thee, since thy pure soul must so soon be severed from thy body, sit thee down in the grassy fields and make merry awhile, before other grasses spring from the very dust.

LVIII.

Although this wine in its essence is capable of taking a thousand shapes, assuming now the form of an animal, now the form of a plant, do not therefore believe that it can ever cease to be, and that its essence can be destroyed, for there is the reality when the shadows disappear.



LIX.

*I see no smoke arise from the fire of my sins; I expect a fairer fate from no man. If the injustice of men makes me lift my hand to my head, I find no solace in laying it on the hem of their gaberdines.*

LX.

*Let us begin again the round of our pleasures; let us continue to disdain the round of prayers. Wherever the wine-flagon is to be found, there also thou mayest see, like unto the neck of the flagon itself, our throats stretched out to the cup.*

LXI.

*Here, below, we are naught but puppets for the diversion of the wheel of the heavens. This is indeed a truth, and no simile. We truly are but pieces on this chessboard of humanity, which in the end we leave, only to enter, one by one, into the grave of nothingness.*

LXII.

*In mosque, in school, in church, in synagogue, men fear for hell and hope for paradise, but the seed of this uncertainty has never sprouted in the soul of him who has penetrated the secrets of the All-wise.*

LXIII.

*Thou askest me the meaning of this phantasmagoria of things here below. To expound the whole of it to thee would be a work without end. It is a fantastic vision, which springs from a boundless ocean, and sinks again into the same ocean from which it arose.*

LXIV.

✓ *Let us abandon the vain search after the unattainable, and give ourselves up wholly to the joys of the present, to touching the long tresses trembling to the melodious sound of the harp.*

LXV.

*We yield ourselves to the commands of wine, joyously we offer our souls in sacrifice to the smiling stream of the holy juice. Behold our minister of wine, in one hand the flagon, in the other the brimming cup, bidding us quaff the purest wine of his soul.*

LXVI.

*You have wandered upon the face of the earth, but all that you have known is nothing, all that you have seen, all that you have heard, is nothing. Though you travel from world's end to world's end, all that is nothing, although you abide in a corner of your house, all that is nothing.*

LXVII.

✓ *One night I beheld in a dream a sage, who said to me, "In sleep, O my friend, the rose of joy has never blossomed for any man? Why do you do a deed so like to death? Arise, and drink wine, for you will sleep sound enough beneath the earth."*

LXVIII.

*Fling dust to the skies, and drink deep of the wine-flagon; seek ever the fairest women. To what end dost thou sue for pardon, to what end dost thou pray, seeing that of all those departed hence, not one has returned?*

LXIX.

*If the human heart could know the secrets of life, it would know too, knowing death, the secrets of God. If to-day, when you are with yourself, you know nothing, what shall you know to-morrow, when you have passed from yourself?* ✓

LXX.

*Though heaven and earth were blent together, though all the lustre of the stars went out, I would wait in your path, O beloved, and ask of you why you have taken away my life.*

LXXI.

*Thank God, the hour of roses has arrived. From my heart I delight in the thought of breaking the law of Alkoran. For many a day I mean to delight me with girls of lovely face and lovely body, and to turn the meadow to a tulip-bed by the spillth of my wine on the green sward.*

LXXII.

*Although, truly, I have never pierced the pearl of obedience which we owe to thee, although I have never swept the dust of thy steps from my heart, I do not despair of reaching to the foot of the throne of thy mercy, for I have never worried thee with my importunate prayers.*

LXXIII.

*This jar has been, like me, a creature, loving and unhappy; it has sighed for the long tresses of some fair young girl; that handle by which you hold it now, was once a loving arm to linger fondly round some fair one's neck.*

LXXIV.

✓ Do not heedlessly beat at every portal. We must learn to take the good with the bad in this life, for we can only play the game according to the number of dots on the face of the dice which destiny throws into the hollow of this heavenly cup.

LXXV.

Before ever you or I were born, there were dawns and twilights, and it was not without design that the revolutions of the skies were sanctioned. Be careful, then, how you tread upon this dust, for it was once, no doubt, the apple of some fair girl's eye.

LXXVI.

You cannot assure yourself to-day that you shall behold to-morrow's dawn; even to dwell upon to-morrow is mere madness; if your heart is wide awake, do not waste in torpor this little pinch of life, for there is no proof how long it shall abide with you.

LXXVII.

Question me not upon the vagaries of this world, nor of the things that yet may be. Look upon this present hour as plunder from destiny. Vex not thyself about the past, nor plague me about the future.

LXXVIII.

The temples of the gods and kaabas are places of praise, the chiming of bells is naught but a hymn raised in praise of the All Potent. The pulpit, the church, the beads, the cross, are all but different symbols of the same homage to the same Lord.

## LXXIX.

*Let not the fear of things to be make sallow thy cheek, let not things present make thee blanch with fear. Enjoy, in this land of shadows, thy share of delight, and do not wait therefor until heaven's gifts are snatched away from you.*

## LXXX.

*No false money circulates with us. The broom has cleanly swept our happy home. An old man coming from the tavern said, counseling me, "Drink, friend, drink wine, for many lives will follow yours during your long sleep."*

## LXXXI.

*These travellers have departed, and of them all, not one has returned to tell us of the bidden things concealed behind the veil. Oh, devout man, it is by a humble heart, and not by prayer, that the things which concern thy soul will be brought to a favourable issue, for prayer is of no avail to a man without sincerity and contrition.*

## LXXXII.

*If you will bearken I will give you good counsel. Do not don the cloak of hypocrisy for the love of God. Eternity is of all time, and this world is but of a moment. Do not, then, barter for a moment the empery of eternity.*

## LXXXIII.

*How long shall I vex you with mine ignorance? My nothingness oppresses my heart. Even now I will bind my loins with the girdle of the priests. Wherefore? Because I weary of my way of life.*

LXXXIV.

*Thou hast planted in our hearts an irresistible desire, and at the same time thou hast forbidden us to satisfy it. In what a strait dost thou find thyself, oh, unhappy man, between this law of thy nature, and this commandment? It is as if thou wert ordered to turn down the cup, without spilling the contents thereof.*

LXXXV.

*O Khayyám, when you are drunk be merry; when you are with your mistress, be glad; since the end of this world is nothingness, think that you are not, and while you are, be jocund.*

LXXXVI.

*All things that be were long since marked upon the tablet of creation. Heaven's pencil has naught to do with good or evil. God set on fate its necessary seal; and all our efforts are but a vain striving.*

LXXXVII.

*I would rather in the tavern with thee pour out all the thoughts of my heart, than without thee go and make my prayer unto Heaven. This, truly, O Creator of all things present and to come, is my religion; whether thou castest me into the flames, or makest me glad with the light of thy countenance.*

LXXXVIII.

*I cannot lightly disclose my secret to the bad and the good alike. I cannot amplify my simple thought. I behold a place that I cannot describe; I hold a secret that I cannot reveal.*

LXXXIX.

*In the face of the decrees of Providence, nothing succeeds save resignation. Among men nothing succeeds save counterfeit and hypocrisy. I have employed all the most skilful ruses that the human mind can scheme, but Fate has always overturned my projects.*

XC.

*If a stranger serves you faithfully, think of him as close of kin. If one of your kin betray you, think of him as acting in error. If a poison cures you, call it an antidote; if an antidote works you ill, call it a poison.*

XCI.

*Behold, the time is come, when the earth is about to clothe itself in verdure, when the blossoms breaking forth over the branches, make them become as the band of Moses, when, as if quickened by the breath of Jesus, the plants spring from the earth, when at last the clouds open their eyes to weep.*

XCII.

*Long have I sung the praise of wine and dwelt among the things of its service. May you be happy, my philosopher, in the belief that you have taken wisdom for your master, but learn, too, that that master is only my pupil.*

XCIII.

*Give not thyself over to care and to grief in the hope of gaining yellow or white money in the end. Enjoy thyself with thy companions, before thy warm breath becomes cold, for thy enemies will feast in thy room when thou art departed.*

XCIV.

*Since it is certain that we must needs go hence, what is the use of being? Why should we strive so eagerly after unattainable happiness? Since for some unknown reason we may not abide here, were it not well to think a little upon our voyage to come? Why should we be so heedless thereof?*

XCV.

*What heart does not bleed for your absence, what soul is not the servant of your enchanting charms? For though you pay heed to no one, there is no one who does not pay heed to you.*

XCVI.

*The world upbraids me as a debauchee, and yet I am not guilty. Ye holy men, look upon yourselves, and learn what ye truly are. You charge me with violation of the Holy Law, but I have committed no other sins than riot, drunkenness, and adultery.*

XCVII.

*My happiness is incomplete while I am sober. When I am drunk, blank ignorance overgrows my reason. There is a state between clear reason and intoxication. Ah, with what joy do I make myself the slave of that state, for therein lies life.*

XCVIII.

*This world is but a hair's breadth in our wretched life. The soul but the faint trace of our blended tears and blood. Hell is but a shadow of the vain toils we take upon ourselves. Paradise is but the moment's rest we sometimes taste here.*



XCIX.

*If you give yourself up to your passion, to your insatiable desire, I prophesy unto you that you will go hence as poor as a beggar. See rather what you are and whence you come, know what you are and learn whither you go.*

C.

*Who can believe that he who made the cup would dream of destroying it? All those fair faces, all those lovely limbs, all those enchanting bodies, what love has made them, and what hate destroys them?*

CI.

*It is but thy drunkenness which makes thee dread death and fear nothingness; for it is clear that from that nothingness the tree of immortality shall spring. Since my soul has been resuscitated by the breath of Jesus, eternal death has fled afar from me.*

CII.

*Copy the tulip, that flames with the new year; take, like her, the cup in your hand, and drink at all advantage your wine with a light heart, in company with a youthful beauty with tulip cheeks. For yon blue wheel may like a whirlwind at any moment dash you down.*

CIII.

*One drop of wine is worth all the kingdoms of the earth: the tile which covers the jar is worth a thousand lives. The cloth with which we wipe the lips moistened with wine is truly more precious than a thousand pieces.*

CIV.

*O, my friends, when I am sped, appoint a meeting and when ye have met together, be ye glad thereof, and when the cup-bearer holds in her hand a flagon of old wine, then think upon old Khayyám and drink to his memory.*

CV.

*There is no shield to save you from the spear-cast of destiny. Glory, gold, silver, each avails not. The more I ponder on this world and its gear, the more I am assured that to be good is all; the rest avails not.*

CVI.

*I pity the heart that is not prompted to abstinence, for it is the daily prey of passions. Only the heart that is free from care can be truly happy; aught in excess of that state is mere vexation.*

CVII.

*How long wilt thou afflict thy soul with the failure of thy ambitions? Trouble is the lot of those who are careful for the future. Pass thy life in joy, therefore, and give not thyself up to the cares of this world. Know that wine will in no wise increase the bitterness of thy woes.*

CVIII.

*He who has the wisdom to keep his heart contented has lost no hour in sorrow; he has either devoted himself to seeking the grace of God, or he has gained tranquility of soul over the brimming wine-cup.*

## CIX.

*To drink wine and to make merry, such is my scheme of life. To pay no heed to heretic or devotee, such is my creed. I asked the bride of all the human race, "What is thy marriage portion?" and she answered, smiling, "My marriage portion lies in the joy of thy heart."*

## CX.

*Rejoice, therefore, for the time cometh quickly when all whom thou beholdest now shall be bidden in the earth. Drink, drink wine, and let not the cares of this world overwhelm you. Those who come after thee will too soon become a prey.*

## CXI.

*No day ever finds my soul free from amazement, no night ever finds my bosom free from the tears that trickle from my eyes. The unease that sways me forbids the cup of my head from brimming with wine. Alas, how shall an inverted cup be ever filled?*

## CXII.

*When God built up my body out of clay, He knew beforehand the fruit of all my deeds. It is not in defiance of His will that I a sinner have sinned. Why then for me does neither bell await?*

## CXIII.

*What time my being seemed to lean to prayer and fasting, I deemed for a moment that I was about to touch the goal of my desires; but, alas, a breath has sufficed to destroy the efficacy of my ablutions, and a half measure of time has set my fasts aside.*

CXIV.

*All my being is attracted by the sight of the fair faces dyed with the hue of the rose; my heart delights to savour the cup of wine. Yea, I wish to enjoy the award of each of my members before those members fall again into the all from which they sprang.*

CXV.

*Yesterday I visited the workshop of a potter: there I beheld two thousand pots, some speaking, and some holding their peace. Each one seemed to say to me, "Where is then the potter, where the buyer of pots, where the seller?"*

CXVI.

*I am worthy neither of heaven or yet of hell. God knows from what clay he fashioned me. I am as heretical as a dervish, as ill-favoured as a harlot. I have neither faith nor wealth, nor hope of paradise.*

CXVII.

*Yesterday, passing drunken before the tavern door, I beheld an old man, full of wine, bearing a gourd upon his back. I spake to him and said, "Oh, old man, dost thou not fear God?" He answered me, "There is mercy with Him—go, therefore, and drink."*

CXVIII.

*Wine, which is valued by the man of understanding, is for me the water of life. It is balm to my heart, and an elixir which renews the strength of my soul. Hath not God himself said: "The benefit of mankind is found in wine."*

CXIX.

*Poor man, thy passion, like unto a watch-dog,  
gives forth hollow sounds. It masks the wiles  
of the fox, it seeks the sleep of the hare; it  
blends in one the rage of the tiger with the  
hunger of the wolf.*

CXX.

*Who led thee here this night to me, thus  
drenched with wine? Who, lifting the light  
veil that covered thee, has guided thee to my  
threshold? Who has swept thee away again  
more swiftly than the wind, to feed more  
fiercely the flame that burnt already brightly  
in thine absence?*

CXXI.

*Every heart in which Heaven hath set the  
lamp of love, whether that heart incline to  
mosque or synagogue, if its name be written in  
the book of love, it is freed from the fear of  
hell and the hope of paradise.*

CXXII.

*O you who out of all the world art dearest to  
my heart, more precious than the soul which  
quickens me or than the eyes that light my path,  
there is nothing, oh my beloved, dearer than  
life, and yet you, ah, you are a hundred times  
more dear.*

CXXIII.

*How fair are the green fringes of the living  
stream. Surely they sprang once from the lip  
of some celestial fair. Trample them not with  
scorn, for they spring from the dust of a tulip-  
tinted face.*

## CXXIV.

*We are enduring naught but cark and care  
in this world which offers us a fleeting harbour-  
age. Alas, not one of all creation's riddles  
has been read to us, and we depart hence with  
sorry hearts.*

## CXXV.

*When the day arriveth, when, with my head  
thrown back, I fall at the feet of death, when  
the destroying angel shall have made me like  
unto a bird without feathers; oh, then, see thou  
that of my dust a wine-flagon is formed—for  
who can say but that the odour of the wine may  
re-inform my clay?*

## CXXVI.

*Master, make lawful but one alone of all  
our wishes. Hold your peace and guide us on  
the road to God. Truly we walk straightly, it  
is you who go astray. Heal your eyes and  
leave us to our peace.*

## CXXVII.

*Since this vain world abideth not, I will  
occupy myself only with guile, I will give up my  
thoughts to pleasure and limpid wine. They  
say unto me, "Hath not God forbidden it?"—  
He can truly never have given me this com-  
mandment, for if he had I could not obey it!*

## CXXVIII.

*When I draw near unto the gear of this  
world, I behold all mankind seizing on the  
good things it contains without any merit of  
theirs, while to me, oh All-Powerful God,  
nothing is vouchsafed but the shipwreck of my  
hopes.*

CXXIX.

*A mouthful of wine is worth more than the kingdom of Kai Khosrou; it is more desirable than the throne of Kai Kobad of the empery of Thous. The sighs with which a lover disturbs the dawn are preferable to the howlings of sanctimonious hypocrites.*

CXXX.

*If I do drink wine it is not for mine own selfish gratification, it is not for riot's sake or to hold aloof from religion and the virtues, no, it is but that I may escape for a moment from myself. No other purpose spurs me to drink and be drunken.*

CXXXI.

*Folk say that there is a hell. This is a vain error, in which no trust should be placed, for if there were a hell for lovers and bibbers of wine, why, heaven would be, from to-morrow morn, as empty as the hollow of my hand.*

CXXXII.

*If you have drunk wine faithfully all the week, do not hold your hand on the Sabbath; for, by our holy faith, there is no difference between that day and another. Be thou the worshipper of the All-High and not a worshipper of the days of the week.*

CXXXIII.

*Dear my God, you are merciful, and mercy is pity. Why then has the greatest sinner been shut off from paradise? If you only pardon me because I have obeyed you, what mercy is that? It would be merciful to forgive me, sinner that I am.*

CXXXIV.

*Put wisdom by, and take the cup in hand.  
Cease to perplex yourself about heaven and  
bell. Sell thy silken turban to buy wine with  
the price and have no fear. Pluck off that  
costly head-gear — content thy head with a  
woollen cap.*

CXXXV.

*They bid me drink no wine during this  
month, for this month is the Prophet's, nor yet  
in that month for that is the month of God.  
Very well, leave those two months to God and  
His Prophet, and let us drink deep in the month  
of Ramaẓan, since that month is reserved to us.*

CXXXVI.

*Although wine is forbidden, cease not to drink  
thereof. Drink, by morning and eventide, drink  
to the sound of song, and to the melody of the  
harp. When thou hast procured wine glowing  
like the ruby, pour one drop on the earth, and  
drink the rest.*

CXXXVII.

*Name my merits one by one, take my defects  
by tens at a time. Pardon every sin for the  
love of God. Do not feed the fire of hate with  
the breath of passion, pardon us in the memory  
of the tomb of the Prophet of God.*

CXXXVIII.

*The multitude of creeds has divided mankind  
into seventy-two nations. Of all these doctrines  
I have chosen that of thy love. Of what mean-  
ing are the words: impiety, Islam, faith, sin?  
Thou art my sole desire. Away from me all  
these vain pretences.*



CXXXIX.

*Truly the wine in the cup is a shining life, in the body of the flagon it is a clear soul. No churlish fellow is worthy of my fellowship. Only the wine cup deserves to enter therein, for it is at the same time a solid and diaphanous body.*

CXL.

*This aged caravanserai which men call the world, this alternating home of light and night, is but the sag end of a feast of a hundred such lords as Jamsbid. It is but a tomb serving as a pillow for the sleep of a hundred such kings as Babram.*

CXLI.

*If the rose is not our portion do not the thorns remain? If the light does not reach us, does not the fire remain? If we have not the garment, the temple nor the priest, do not the mosque, the dome, the minaret, remain?*

CXLII.

*Where are the dancers? Where is the wine? Hasten that I may do honour to the gourd. Happy is the heart which remembers the wine in the morning. Oh! there exist three things in this world which are dear to me—a head overtaken with wine, a fair mistress, and the sound of singing.*

CXLIII.

*O Wheel of Heaven, heedless of bread and salt, you leave me ever naked as a fish. The wheel of the weaver weaveth clothes for men, therefore it is more charitable than thou, O Wheel of Heaven.*

CXLIV.

*O Khayyám, sad is his lot who lets his heart  
be vexed by earthly tribulations. Drink then to  
the touch of the lute, drink wine in a crystal  
cup, drink before the crystal is dashed against a  
stone.*

CXLV.

*Tell me, friend, what have I acquired of the  
riches of this world?—Nothing. What has  
fleeting time left in my hands?—Nothing. I  
am the torch of joy, but once the torch is extinct  
I exist no longer. I am the cup of Jamshid,  
but the cup once broken I exist no more.*

CXLVI.

*'Behold the dawn appears. She has torn  
aside the veil of night. Rise, then, and empty  
the morning's cup. Why so sad? Drink, heart,  
drink, for these dawns will follow and follow  
with their faces turned to us, when our faces  
shall be turned to the earth.*

CXLVII.

*If the wheel of heaven denies me bread, am I  
not prompt for war? If I have not a notable  
reputation, have I not my shame? Lo, the cup  
brimmed with a crimson wine. He that will not  
drink deserves to be stoned.*

CXLVIII.

*Since life flies, what matters it whether it be  
sweet or bitter? Since our soul must escape  
through our lips, what matters it whether it be  
at Naisbápur or Babylon? Drink, then, for  
after thou and I are dust, the moon will for  
many days pass from her last to her first quar-  
ter, and from her first to her last.*

CLIX.

*Why, when to-day the rose of fortune blossoms, is the wine-cup missing from your hands? Drink, my friend, drink red wine, for Time is a merciless fellow, and it is hard to find again a day like this.*

CL.

*The month of Ramazan has come, the time of the wine is over. Yes, the days of that delicious drink and of our easy life, hath fallen far from us. Woe's me for the wine that waits undrunk in the jar, and the eyes of the fair women that burn for us in vain.*

CLI.

*The palace, where Babram loved to troll the bowl, is now the resting-place of stags, the lair of lions. See how this Babram who loved to snare the wild ass with a running noose is snared himself in his turn by the tomb.*

CLII.

*We have come too late into this whirl and welter of life, and we have fallen here, below the level of mankind. Ah! since life does not alas, move according to our wishes, it were better it should cease; for already we have reached satiety.*

CLIII.

*Although sin has left me evil of favour, unhappy, I am not without hope, in which I am like unto the idolators who pin their faith to the gods of their temples. None the less on the morn when I must die of the last night's riot I will clamour for wine and call for my paramour, for what care I for heaven or hell?*

## CLIV.

*Oh, my dear companions, pour me wine to  
make my countenance clear with the colour of  
rubies. When I am dead, wash me in wine,  
and make my litter and my coffin of the wood of  
the vine.*

## CLV.

*A draught of wine is better than the empty  
Jamsbid. The perfume of the cup is better than  
the gifts of Hatim Tai. The sigh which slips  
at dawning from the breast of him who went  
drunk to bed, is better than the lamentations of  
Majnun.*

## CLVI.

*The clouds spread over the face of the heavens,  
and rain patters on the sword. How could it  
be possible to live for a single second without  
crimson wine? This green before me delights  
my eye, but the grass which shall spring from  
my dust whose eye will delight in?*

## CLVII.

*Oh, thoughtless man, be not deceived by this  
world, since thou knowest its pursuits! Throw  
not thy precious life to the wind. Hasten to  
seek thy friend, and delay not to drink wine.*

## CLVIII.

*For the love of thee which possesses my heart  
I am ready to accept all manner of reproof, and  
if I break my vow, I will bear the blame thereof.  
Oh, if until the last day I should endure the pain  
thou causest me, the time would seem but too  
short.*

CLIX.

*O heart, my heart, since the very basis of all  
this world's gear is but a fable, why do you  
adventure in such an infinite abyss of sorrows?  
Trust thyself to fate, uphold the evil, for what  
the pencil has traced will not be effaced for you.*

CLX.

*Of all who have set out upon the long journey,  
who has come back, that I may ask him tidings?  
My friends, take heed to let naught go by in the  
hope of hopes for, be sure, you will not come  
back again.*

CLXI.

*Since every waning night, every waning day,  
cuts off a cantle of your life, do not allow these  
nights and days to heap you thick with dust.  
Daff them gaily by, for, alas, what a world of  
time you will be gone hence while nights and  
days still wax and wane.*

CLXII.

*That heavenly wheel, which tells its tale to no  
man, has mercilessly slain a thousand monarchs  
and a thousand favorites; drink your wine,  
then, for it gives back life to none. Alas, no  
one of those that quit this world will e'er come  
back to it.*

CLXIII.

*O thou, who lordest over the lords of the  
earth, dost thou know the days when wine  
delighteth the heart? They are in good sooth  
the Monday, the Tuesday, the Wednesday, the  
Thursday, the Friday, the Saturday, and the  
Sunday to boot.*

CLXIV.

*Heedless man, thy fleshy body is naught, yon  
vault built up of seven shining heavens is naught.  
Give thyself up to all delight in this kingdom  
of misrule, for our life is only bound to it for  
a moment, and that moment itself is nothing.*

CLXV.

*This caravan of life passeth in a strange  
manner—beware, oh, friend, for it is the time  
of thy pleasure which fleeth from thee thus.  
Trouble not thyself, therefore, for the grief  
which awaiteth our friends on the morrow, for  
behold how the night passeth away!*

CLXVI.

*Once, seeing an old man stagger from the  
wine-shop, with his prayer mat on his shoulders,  
and a flagon in his hand, I said to him, "What  
means this, oh, my master?" and he made  
answer to me, "Drink wine, my brother, for  
this world is but a breath of wind."*

CLXVII.

*A love-lorn nightingale, straying into a gar-  
den, and beholding the roses smiling, and the  
cup filled with wine, flew to my ear and sang,  
"Be advised friend, there is no recalling the  
vanished life."*

CLXVIII.

*He who has laid the foundations of the earth,  
of the wheel of the heavens, what wounds has He  
not hollowed out in the unhappy heart of man!  
What ruby-coloured lips has He not buried in  
this little globe of earth? What musk-scented  
tresses has He not hidden in the bosom of the  
dust?*

## CLXIX.

*Khayyám, your body is like unto a tent, the soul thereof is the sultan, and his last home is nothingness. When the sultan quits his pavilion, the fatal ferrash strikes it, to set it up at another stage.*

## CLXX.

*Each drop of wine which the cup-bearer pours into the cup will quench the fire of grief in thy burning eyes. Is it not said, O great God, that wine is an elixir which drives away all the sorrows that weigh down the heart?*

## CLXXI.

*When the violet has dyed her veil, when the zephyr has made the roses expand their leaves, then he who is wise will drink wine with a companion whose body is white as silver, and turn down the cup upon the earth.*

## CLXXII.

*The devout man can never value the divine mercy as we do. A stranger can never understand thee like thine own familiar friend. Thou sayest, "If thou sinnest, I will send thee to hell." Go, tell that to one who knoweth thee not.*

## CLXXIII.

*O! my heart, act as if all the wealth of this world were thine—think that this house is furnished with all things, that it is adorned sumptuously; and pass thy life joyfully in this distracted sphere. Say to thyself that thou retest here for but a few days, and wilt then arise and depart.*

## CLXXIV.

*The days of our abiding on this earth are  
worthless without wine and the cup-bearer,  
worthless without the soft melodies of Iram's  
lute. I have studied closely the course of earthly  
things, and I know that joy and pleasure alone  
are dear, all else is worthless.*

## CLXXV.

*Drawn along by the flying feet of time, which  
only bestows its gifts on the least worthy, my  
life is overwhelmed with pain and travail. In  
the garden of mankind my heart is closed up  
like the bud of a rose, and like a tulip it is  
drenched with blood.*

## CLXXVI.

*Khayyám, who sewed the tents of learning,  
has fallen suddenly into the crater of despair,  
and there lies calcined. The knife of Fate has  
cut his being's thread, and the impatient world  
has sold him for a song.*

## CLXXVII.

*In spring time I love to sit in the meadow with  
a paramour perfect as a houri and a goodly jar  
of wine, and though I may be blamed for this,  
yet hold me lower than a dog if ever I dream of  
paradise.*

## CLXXVIII.

*Sweet is it to drink red wine in a fair cup.  
Sweet it is to hear the wedded melodies of lutes  
and harps. The fanatic who recks not of the  
joys of a cup of wine is pleasing only when he  
is a thousand miles away from us.*



## CLXXIX.

*Get thyself dancing girls, wine, and a mistress as fair as the houris, if indeed there be houris, or seek out a limpid stream gushing by a meadow, if any meadow be, and ask for no better lot. Vex yourself no more with an extinguished bell, for truly there is no other paradise than this, if any paradise there be.*

## CLXXX.

*Be on your guard, my friend, for you will be sundered from your soul, you will pass behind the curtain of the secrets of heaven. Drink wine, for you know not whence you come. Be merry, for you know not where you go.*

## CLXXXI.

*Although the call of duty has led my feet to the mosque, it is not truly to lift up my voice in prayer. I stole one day from there a carpet, and since this is worn out, I have come here again and again.*

## CLXXXII.

*Let us no longer allow the cares of this world to oppress our souls. Let us give ourselves up entirely to drinking wine. Pure limpid and rose-coloured. Wine, oh, my friend, is the blood of the world, and the world is our murderer; how can we then refrain from drinking the blood of him who has spill ours?*

## CLXXXIII.

*There came a voice at dawning from the wine-shop, crying, "Arise, ye haunters of the tavern-dioan, arise, and fill the canikin before Fate comes to fill the cup of your being."*

## CLXXXIV.

*O, my soul! drink this divine nectar which hath not been stirred: drink to the memory of the enchanting idols who enslave the heart of man. Wine is the blood of the grape, my beloved, and the vine says to thee, "Drink of it, since I have placed it under thy control."*

## CLXXXV.

*In the season of flowers, drink wine the colour of roses, drink to the plaintive notes of the flute, and the melodious sound of the harp. I for my part drink thereof and rejoice, and it is congenial to me. If thou wilt not drink, what is that to me? Go, then, and eat stones.*

## CLXXXVI.

*When the memory of my offences cometh to my mind, the fire, which in former days burnt in my heart now covers my face with shame. However, it is well known that a generous master will pardon the slave who repenteth.*

## CLXXXVII.

*Oh, my soul, thou and I together are like unto a compass. We form but one body, having two points. Truly, we move but from the one point, and make the round of the circle; but the day cometh, and is not far off, when the two points must reunite.*

## CLXXXVIII.

*At the first, life was given unto me without my consent, therefore my own existence filled me with astonishment. Finally, with regret we lapse out of this world, understanding neither the purpose of our coming, our stay, nor our departure.*

## CLXXXIX.

*I am a rebellious slave : where is Thy will ?  
My heart is defiled with sins : where is Thy  
light ? Where is Thy control ? If Thou wilt  
only bestow paradise on those who obey Thy laws  
it is a debt which Thou payest, and where then  
is Thy mercy ?*

## CXC.

*Believe not that I fear the world, or that the  
thought of death and the departure of my soul  
fills me with terror. Since death is a truth,  
what have I to fear from it ? All that I fear  
is, that my life has not been well spent.*

## CXCI.

*I would sell the diadem of the khan, the  
crown of the king, to purchase the song of the  
flute girl. Let us sell the turban, yea, and the  
garment of silk, for a cup of wine ; let us sell  
the chaplet which alone contains a multitude of  
hypocrisy.*

## CXCII.

*When the tree of my existence is uprooted,  
when my members are scattered, let them make  
pitchers of my dust, and let them fill the pitchers  
with wine ; thus shall the dust be quickened  
again.*

## CXCIII.

*Oh Thou before whose eyes sin is of no  
moment, say to him who has the wisdom to  
announce this great truth, that to the mind  
of the philosopher it is the crown of folly to  
make the divine prescience the support of sin.*

CXCIV.

*O my friend, come hither, let us forget to-day and to-morrow, and steal this one short hour of life. When to-morrow we shall have abandoned this old dwelling-place, we shall become the contemporaries of all those who departed hence for the last seven thousand years.*

CXCV.

*This world has gained nothing by my sojourn here below, and its glory and greatness will not be lessened by my departure. I have never heard with my ears, and have never been told by anyone the reason of my coming or going.*

CXCVI.

*All hidden things are known to the Eternal Wisdom, who numbereth every hair of our head, and hath fashioned all our members. By hypocrisy thou canst deceive mankind, but how wilt thou deceive the All-knowing?*

CXCVII.

*Wine giveth wings to the heavy-hearted. Wine is a mole on the cheek of wisdom. We have not drunk of it during the Ramazan which has fled, but behold now the night of the month of the drinking of wine has arrived.*

CXCVIII.

*See that thou art never left without wine, for it is wine which fills the heart of man with wisdom and with knowledge of religion. If the Devil had tasted one drop thereof, he would have adored Adam, and would have bowed himself down before him two thousand times.*

CXCIX.

*Arise, and strike the earth with thy feet, while we accompany thee with our hands. Let us drink in the presence of beautiful women with languorous Narcissus eyes. Gladness beginneth not but with the twentieth cup, and it is wonderfully rounded when one has come to the sixtieth.*

CC.

*Never despair, for all thy sins, of the divine mercy of the Merciful Master, for if you were to die to-day, dead drunk, to-morrow He would pardon your corrupted bones.*

CCI.

*Take the cup in your hand, and lift up your voice in the choir of the nightingales, for if it were seemly to drink the blood of the vine with no sweet concord of harmonious sound, the wine itself would make no sound in gurgling from the flagon.*

CCII.

*I have closed my heart against covetousness and I am thus released from my debt both to those who are men, and those who deserve not that name, but since there existeth only one friend who will hold me by the hand, I am what I am; to him alone do I render account.*

CCIII.

*O Wheel of Heaven, thy revolving course displeases me. Set me free, therefore, for I am unworthy of thy yoke. If thy purpose always holds to grant thy favours only to the fools in their folly, I am not over-wise nor over-learned.*

## CCIV.

*God hath promised us wine in Paradise. Therefore, how can it be denied to us in this world? An Arab, a prey to drunkenness, one day severed with his sword the legs of a certain camel. It is for this cause, that the prophet has declared wine forbidden.*

## CCV.

*Since, of all thy past delights, there remaineth to thee only the memory, since the only faithful friend remaining to thee is the wine-cup, since in truth it is thy only possession, rejoice therefore in it, and let not the cup escape from thy hands.*

## CCVI.

*In this mad world of medley, make haste to pick some flowers. Sit in the high places of laughter, and press the cup to your lips. Heaven is heedless alike of sin or service, so make merry after your heart's desire.*

## CCVII.

*My love has touched the topmost of its flame. The beauty of her who holds my heart in thrall is beyond praise. My heart speaks, but my tongue, made mute, refuses utterance to my thoughts. High heaven, was aught ever seen so strange! I am racked with thirst, and yet a fresh cool stream flows before me.*

## CCVIII.

*May the tavern always be thronged with revellers, may fire consume the skirts of the saintly, may their robes fall in rags, may their blue gowns be trampled under the toper's feet.*

## CCIX.

*I am more industrious than thee, thou sage of the town. Though I be drunk, I am better than thee, for thou drinkest human blood, and I the blood of the vine. Be just and pronounce which of us two is the most sanguinary.*

## CCX.

*Alas! How long the time will be when we are no longer in this world, and the world will still exist. There will remain of us neither fame, nor trace. The world was not imperfect before we came into it—it will be in no wise changed when we are departed hence.*

## CCXI.

*How long will you remain the dupe of this world's delicate dyes and odours? When will you cease from vexing about the good and the bad? Were you the fountain of youth, were you the very water of life itself, that should not save you from sinking into the bosom of the earth.*

## CCXII.

*Our being must be effaced from the book of life, we must expire in the arms of death. Oh, enchanting cup-bearer, bring me the liquor joyfully, since I must become earth.*

## CCXIII.

*On the day when the juice of the grape does not turn my brain, this world has nothing to give but that which is poison to me. Yes, the misery of this wretched world is a poison—wine is its only antidote. To escape then from the terror of the poison, I will take the antidote.*

## CCXIV.

*Behold the little handful of fools, who hold the world in their hands, and who in their simple folly think themselves the wisest of the wise. Vex not yourself, for in their snug content they call all men heretics who are not of a kindred folly.*

## CCXV.

*Abandon thyself to enjoyment, for sorrow is without end. The stars will assemble in the heavens in their former courses, and of the bricks which they make from thy body will they build palaces for others.*

## CCXVI.

*How long will the unrighteous deeds of others cover our face with shame? How long shall we be consumed in the furnace of this vain world? Arise—and like a man cast aside this world's sadness. To-day at least is a day of rejoicing—come, let us drink rose-coloured wine.*

## CCXVII.

*I wage a warfare without end against my passions, but what can I do? The remembrance of my iniquities is like a sore burden, but what can I do? I believe truly, that in thy mercy thou wilt blot out my sins. But the knowledge that my dishonour is not hid from thee remaineth—what can I do?*

## CCXVIII.

*Those who have trod the world beneath their feet, who have wandered over the world in the pursuit of gain, have never learned the living truth of life.*



## CCXIX.

*The day when the celestial steed of golden stars was saddled, when the proud planets and the constellations were created—from that same day the divan of Fate decreed our lot. How then can we be held accountable since ours is the position that has been made for us?*

## CCXX.

*My soul is often made sorrowful by the movement of the wheel of the skies. I struggle against my vile nature. Oh! that I had wisdom enough to hide myself forever from this world, or understanding to live therein, without allowing it to possess my heart!*

## CCXXI.

*Woe's me for the best that slips between our fingers; woe's me for all the hearts that death has drowned in blood; woe's me that none return from the bitter world with tales of those who have departed thence.*

## CCXXII.

*That which renews our youth is wine: it is the living juice of the vine, and the company of the fair. And since it was by water that this world of nothingness was brought to destruction, all that is left for us is to destroy ourselves with wine, and to pass our life in delicate drunkenness.*

## CCXXIII.

*Alas, the season of my youth decays, the kindly spring of our delights goes by, and that delightful bird, whose name is youth, has flown. It came, I know not whence, and goes, I know not whither.*

## CCXXIV.

*When I am dead, smooth my tomb down to the level of the earth without delay, and make me in this wise an example to mankind. Then knead the ashes of my body with wine, and make thereof the cover of a jar.*

## CCXXV.

*Bring hither the captain ruby in a cup of crystal, bring hither the desired and the beloved of all generous men. Since thou knowest that all the dwellers on the earth are but dust, and that when the wind passeth over them they are no more, bring hither the wine.*

## CCXXVI.

*Oh thou, whom all creation seeketh in madness and despair, the dervish and the rich man alike find no way to reach unto thee. Thy name is in the mouth of all men, but all are deaf. Thou art present to all eyes, but all are blind.*

## CCXXVII.

*How long will you utter these vain complainings against the order of the earth? Arise, and make every moment instinct with joy. While the world offers so many smiling meadows, drink your crimson wine from a brimming cup.*

## CCXXVIII.

*When you find yourself in the fellowship of some cypress-slender girl, more tender-tinted than the early rose, do not hold aloof from the flowers of the meadow, do not let the cup fall from your hand before the angel of death, like unto the wild wind that scatters abroad the rose-leaves, tears asunder the veil of thy existence.*

CCXXXIX.

*That big and ominous wheel whose trade it is to play the tyrant has never solved for anyone the knot of any perplexity. Where'er it sees a bleeding heart it speeds to grind upon the open wound.*

CCXXX.

*This vault of heaven under which we move in a vain shadow, may be likened unto a lantern; the sun is the focus, and we, like the figures, live there in amazement.*

CCXXXI.

*This mocking world holds naught but shadows and phantasms. He is indeed unlucky who loses his way in the crowd thereof. Rest, friend, drink thy wine, open thy heart to mirth, and free yourself thus from all these shadows and phantasms.*

CCXXXII.

*Do not suffer vain thoughts to enter the gate of your mind. Drink while the years drive by, let the cup be always full to the lips. Pay your court to the daughter of the vine, and be glad, for it is better to enjoy the forbidden daughter than the permitted mother.*

CCXXXIII.

*Not once has the wheel of the heavens been favourable to me. Never for one moment have I listened to a sweet voice, never for one day have I tasted a fleeting happiness, but therefor I have been overwhelmed in an abyss of woe.*

## CCXXXIV.

*Oh, what a misfortune that it is the ignorant or inexperienced who possess the bread well baked—the incomplete, who possess complete riches! The eyes of the beautiful girls are the joy of the heart, and it is mere knaves and slaves who are their owners.*

## CCXXXV.

*O, Khayyám, although indeed the Wheel of Heaven, in setting its tent, has closed the door to discussions, nevertheless the Eternal Cup-Bearer has formed in the cup of creation a thousand other Khayyáms, like unto thee.*

## CCXXXVI.

*The day when I shall no longer be known to myself, and when they speak of me as a tale that is told: then my heart's desire is that from my ashes may be formed a wine jar for the tavern.*

## CCXXXVII.

*Thou hast fashioned me of water and clay; how then can I alter it? Whether I be made of wool or of silk, it is Thou who hast woven; how then can I alter it? Thou hast predestined my good and evil deeds—how can I alter it?*

## CCXXXVIII.

*Those mighty and pompous lords, so orgulous in their estates, are so devoured by care and sorrow that life is become a bitter burthen. Yet, marvellous to note, they will not hail with the name of man those who are not, as they are, the slaves of their passions.*

CCXXXIX.

*Behold, we have fled, and the season sighs  
for our going; for out of a hundred pearls,  
but one is thridded. Alas, it is owing to the  
ignorance of mankind that a hundred thousand  
noble thoughts remain unuttered.*

CCXL.

*With a beloved friend for my companion,  
that which delights me is a cup of wine. When  
my heart is brimmed with grief, my eyes flow a  
fountain of tears. Alas, since this wretched  
world is for us of short duration, all that is  
left for us is to pass our life in drunkenness.*

CCXLI.

*An earthly love can seldom inspire perfection.  
It is like a half extinct fire which no longer  
gives forth heat. He who loveth in truth, should  
not know rest, or food, or sleep, through months,  
or through years, by day, or by night.*

CCXLII.

*One cup of wine is worth a hundred hearts, a  
hundred faiths; one drop of wine is of more  
value than the empire of kings! What is there  
in truth to be named before it? Its bitterness  
is beyond all the sweets of life.*

CCXLIII.

*How many men do I behold plunged in the  
sleep of ignorance upon the earth, how many  
already buried in its bosom! When I cast my  
eyes over this desert of nothingness, how many  
souls do I see who have not yet arrived—how  
many who have already departed!*

## CCXLIV.

*Seeing that Thy mercy is vouchsafed to me, I have no fear for my iniquities; since Thou possessest all goodness, I need not be anxious to provide myself for the journey. The leaves of the Book have no terrors for me, since Thy clemency has cleared my countenance.*

## CCXLV.

*Yesterday I beheld at the bazaar a potter smiting with all his force the clay he was kneading. The earth seemed to cry out to him, "I also was such as thou—treat me therefore less harshly."*

## CCXLVI.

*Since thou ownest only that which hath been vouchsafed to thee, let not thy heart be given over to covetousness. Fix not thy affections on the things of this world, for at the end of the play thou wilt have to leave all, and convey thyself away.*

## CCXLVII.

*To-day, the weather is pleasant, it is neither hot nor cold. The dew washes the dust from the face of the roses, and the nightingale crieth to the yellow flowers, saying, "Ye must drink wine."*

## CCXLVIII.

*May I always hold in my hand a brimming flagon! May my love never wane for those fair girls, like unto Houris. Folk say, God bids you renounce these joys, but if He gave me such an order, I should not obey it. Perish the thought!*

## CCXLIX.

*The wheel of the heavens only increaseth our woes beyond measure. She giveth nothing to us here that she does not as soon snatch away. Oh, if those who have not yet come into the world did but know the miseries which await them, truly they would never come.*

## CCL.

*At the moment when my soul shall be delivered from death, when my members shall be scattered from the tree of my life like dry leaves before the wind, O, then, with what joy I shall pass out of this world through a sieve, before my own dust is passed through it by the Builder.*

## CCLI.

*Behold the dawn; arise, O beardless lad, and fill with ruddy wine the clear vessel, for you may seek hereafter, and seek in vain, this fair hour which this world of shadows lends you.*

## CCLII.

*Those who by their learning are the elect of the world, who by their intellect climb the heights of heaven, those who scale the firmament in their search after the things of Divine Wisdom, lose their wits, seized with dizziness and all amazement.*

## CCLIII.

*When you drink, drink with a witty fellowship, drink with fair women with smiling lips and tulip-tinted cheeks. Drink not too deep, do not babble about it. Do not make it a catch word; drink, but drink discreetly, and in secret.*

CCLIV.

*Let not the constant man forswear the juice of the vine, for wine contains all the virtue of the very water of life. If anyone will renounce his wine during the month of Ramazan, let him at least also renounce the recitation of his prayers.*

CCLV.

*Do not forswear the juice of the vine if you have any store thereof. For many a repenting sign will follow such a sacrifice. The roses shed their petals, the nightingales cast their songs abroad upon the air: would it be wise in such an hour to forswear the flagon?*

CCLVI.

*To-morrow I shall have leaped over the mountain which divideth us, and shall seize the cup in my hand with surpassing joy. My beloved is gracious, the hour is fair and favouring. If I basteen not to rejoice in this moment, when shall I know joy and gladness?*

CCLVII.

*They tell us of a paradise, peopled with houris, flowing with wine and honey. Then must it be lawful to love wine and women here, since such is the goal to which our existence tends.*

CCLVIII.

*So long as the friend refuses to pour for me the soul-inspiring wine, so long as the skies refuse to shower a thousand kisses on my face and feet, so long will it be idle, when the holy month is at hand, to bid me give my flagon the go-by. How can I renounce it when God has not so ordered me?*



CCLIX.

*The very hills would leap for joy did you but wash their steep with wine. Only a fool is scornful of the flagon. You who bid me renounce the juice of the vine, learn that wine is the soul, the complement of man.*

CCLX.

*In the ways of the soul thou must walk with understanding. About the things of this world thou must keep silence. Though thou hast ears, eyes, and tongue, thou must be as if thou hadst them not.*

CCLXI.

*Drink your wine in the fellowship of those slender beings, the crimson of whose cheeks disturbs the heart. Friend, when you are bitten by the serpent of sorrow, drink the antidote. For my part I drink and I boast thereof, may it prove good to me. If you will not drink, what would you that I should do? Go, fool, and eat the earth.*

CCLXII.

*He who, in this world, possesses half a loaf and can shelter himself in any nest, he who is neither the master, or slave of any man, tell him his lot is sweet and tranquil, and he should live content therein.*

CCLXIII.

*Sometimes the draught of our life is clear, sometimes turbid. Sometimes our robes are wool, sometimes of silk. All that is of no moment to the enlightened soul; but it is of no moment to die?*

CCLXIV.

*The greatest wisdom consists in drawing the delight of our hearts from the wine flagon; letting not our thoughts dwell on the present or the past; and finally in releasing, if but for a moment, from the bonds of reason, this soul which groans in this prison-house wherein it is for a time enclosed.*

CCLXV.

*If you are indeed my friends, silence your vain discourse, and soften my sorrows by filling my cup with wine. When I am turned to dust, mould of my dust a brick, and place that brick in some gap in the walls of a tavern.*

CCLXVI.

*No man has pierced the secrets of the cause. No man has ever passed a step outside himself. I watch, and I observe only imperfection from the pupil to the Master, imperfection in all that is born of woman.*

CCLXVII.

*Folk talk of Paradise where hours dwell, where the Heavenly river flows, where wine and honey and sugar abound! 'Bab! Fill me quick a cup of wine and put it in my hand, for a present pleasure is worth a thousand future joys.*

CCLXVIII.

*From time to time my heart seems cabined in its cage. It is a disgrace to be thus blended of water and of earth. I dreamed of breaking down this prison-house, but then my foot would slip on the stone of the law of the Koran.*

CCLXIX.

*They tell us that the moon of Ramazan is close at hand, that we must forswear wine. Well and good, then I propose at the end of the feast to drink so deep that I shall be drunken to the very end of the sacred month.*

CCLXX.

*The potters who without cease plunge their hands in the clay, who give all their mind, all their skill, to form it, how long will they continue to trample it under foot, to smite it with their hands? What then are their thoughts? Do they not consider that it is the mould of mankind they treat thus?*

CCLXXI.

*Drink, then, drink of the wine which giveth eternal life. Drink, for it is the fountain of life and of youth. It burneth as a flame, but like unto the water of life it dispelleth sorrow — drink therefore.*

CCLXXII.

*Has Thy empire gained in glory by my service, O Lord my God; has Thy grandeur suffered aught by my sins? Forgiveness, God, and punish not, for I know that You punish late and pardon early.*

CCLXXIII.

*There are those who in the madness of their arrogance are fallen into the depths of pride, others again who abandon themselves to the quest of hours and celestial palaces. When at last the veil is drawn it will be revealed that they all have fallen far, far, far, from Thee.*

## CCLXXIV.

*Alas, my heart can find no comfort, my soul is on the point of escaping from my lips, without having attained its desire. Alas! my life has passed without knowledge, and the essence of this love remaineth unknown.*

## CCLXXV.

*Seize the sparkling cup in thy hand, as soon as the yellow day-break appeareth. Truth is sharp, it has been said, in the mouth of mankind, for this cause, it may be, that wine is very truth.*

## CCLXXVI.

*How long wilt thou expend thy existence on vain self-love, or in searching for the source of being and of not being? Drink wine, then, for since thy life must be followed by death, thou hadst best pass it in sleep or in drunkenness.*

## CCLXXVII.

*O, beloved, before care seizeth thee, bid them serve us with wine the colour of roses. Thou art not made of gold, O thoughtless fool, that thou shouldst hope to be dug up after thou art laid in the earth.*

## CCLXXVIII.

*It would be hard for my hand, familiar with the flagon, to handle the Koran, and rest upon the pulpit. It is different with you, you dusty devotee; as for me, I am a sodden swiller, and I do not know that flame can fire fluid.*

## CCLXXIX.

*Be not desirous of the things of this world. If you would live in happiness, break in sunder the bonds which hold you captive to earthly joys and sorrows. Be content, for the heavens move in their accustomed course, and your life is of short duration.*

## CCLXXX.

*Oh, my friend, wherefore vex thyself with the problem of existence? Wherefore trouble thy heart and thy soul thus with idle questioning? Live thy life in joy and gladness, for after all, thy counsel was not asked in the ordering of human affairs.*

## CCLXXXI.

*It is said that there will be judgment at the last day, and that the Beloved Friend will be enraged. But from the Eternal Goodness, good alone can proceed. Fear not, therefore, for thou shalt find mercy at the last.*

## CCLXXXII.

*Drink wine, before thy name has vanished from the world, for when that nectar floweth into thy heart, care will depart therefrom. Unbind the tresses of the loved one's hair before the sinews of thy own bones are themselves unbound.*

## CCLXXXIII.

*Behold the dawn arises. Let us rejoice in the present moment with a cup of crimson wine in our hand. As for honour and fame, let that fragile crystal be dashed to pieces against the earth.*

CCLXXXIV.

*No one has ever drawn aside the veil of Fate.  
To no one are the hidden things of the Divine  
Wisdom made known. For seventy-two years I  
have thought thereon, by day and night, but I  
have learned nothing, and the enigma remaineth  
unsolved.*

CCLXXXV.

*See that thou drinkest not thy wine in the  
company of some clown, riotous, having neither  
wit nor manners. Nought but dissensions can  
come of it. In the night-time thou wilt suffer  
from his drunkenness, his clamour and his folly.  
On the morrow his prayers and his penitence  
will cause thy head to ache.*

CCLXXXVI.

*Oh, Wheel of Heaven, you fill my soul with  
sadness, you rend my garb of joy, you change  
the air I breathe into water, the water I drink  
into earth.*

CCLXXXVII.

*Once thou art in the tavern, thou canst only  
make thy ablutions with wine. When thy name  
bath once been befouled there, thou canst not  
again cleanse it. Bring hither the wine there-  
fore, since the covering of our shame bath been  
torn beyond repair.*

CCLXXXVIII.

*What dweller on this earth has ever folded in  
his embrace a fair one with rose-tinted cheeks,  
who has not first received some thorn in the  
heart from time? Behold this comb, before it  
can be suffered to touch the scented hair of  
beauty, it has to be hacked into a ridge of teeth.*

CCLXXXIX.

*Drink wine, for therein thou shalt find forgetfulness for all thy anxieties, and it will deliver thee from thy meditations on the problems of earth. Renounce not this alchemy, for if thou drinkest but one measure thereof, it will scatter to the winds thy endless cares.*

CCXC.

*Open to me, O God, the gate of Thy gifts. Give me to eat, that I may owe nothing to Thy creatures, give me to drink till drunkenness drowns sorrow.*

CCXCI.

*Wine is forbidden, it is said, but it is only forbidden in regard to him who makes no measure of what he drinks, and the one with whom he drinks. All the conditions once held in observance, will not the wise man drink?*

CCXCII.

*They who dwell within the tombs have become dust and ashes, are scattered to the four winds, and divided from each other. Alas! what drink is this with which mankind is filled, and which holds him thus infatuated until the day of the last judgment?*

CCXCIII.

*Be welcome, solace of my soul, scarcely can I believe that thou art here. Drink, for God's love, if not for mine, drink wine till I can doubt thy being.*

CCXCIV.

*There are those who have never passed the night in the search after truth, who have no thoughts beyond their narrow lives. These thou mayest behold clothed in the garments of the great, and disparaging the walker in the perfect way.*

CCXCV.

*Thou shouldst not plant the tree of bitterness in thy heart, but rather flutter at all times the leaves of the book of joy. Thou shouldst drink thy wine, and pursue the desire of thy heart, for behold the length of thy stay on this earth is quickly measured.*

CCXCVI.

*Thou settest snares around us manifold, and sayest, "Death to ye, if ye enter therein." Thou layest the lures Thyself, and then givest over Thy victim to doom.*

CCXCVII.

*Enjoy thy life while it remaineth to thee, for many other wayfarers will journey through the world. The soul crieth out after the body has been torn away from it, and the crown of thy head will be trampled under the feet of potters.*

CCXCVIII.

*Happy is the heart of him who hath gone through life unknown. Whom the vestment of hypocrisy hath never clothed, who like unto the sage is translated into the skies, instead of rejoicing like an owl among the ruins of this world.*



CCXCIX.

*Rose, thou art like unto a lovely face ; Rose,  
thou art like unto a precious ruby. O, shifting  
Fortune, every second you seem strange to me,  
yet you are like unto a familiar friend.*

CCC.

*The drunkard who is rich bringeth himself to  
destruction, his riotous drunkenness is a scandal  
to mankind. I will therefore place this basbish  
in my cup of wine and thus I will strangle the  
serpent of my grief.*

CCCI.

*The drinker alone can understand the lan-  
guage of the rose and of the vine, and not the  
faint-hearted, and the cheap of wit. To those  
who have no knowledge of hidden things,  
ignorance is to be pardoned, for the drunkard  
only is capable of tasting the delights which  
are an accompaniment thereof.*

CCCII.

*Open the gate, for only Thou canst open it ;  
show me the road, for only Thou canst show it.  
I will reach no hand to those who would fain  
uplift me, for Thou alone art eternal.*

CCCIII.

*Lulled by a vain hope, I scattered to the winds  
a portion of my life, and that before I had  
known in this world a day of enjoyment. Alas !  
I fear now that fleeting time will not allow me  
to repay myself for the days that are past.*

CCCIV.

*It is I who am the chief frequenter of the tavern, it is I who wade knee deep in rebellion against Thy commandment. It is I who the whole night through, soaked in wine, hurl the complaint of my wounded heart against the ears of God.*

CCCV.

*When I am drunk, the whole world might roll like a ball into a hole, and I should not care more than for a barley-corn. Yestere'en I pawned myself at the tavern for a stoup of wine, "Lo, what an excellent gage!" says the tapster.*

CCCVI.

*For how many nights has sleep fled from our eyelids, before the cruel parting has torn our hearts asunder! Arise, my beloved, and let us live for an instant before the breath of dawn blows upon us. Alas, for how long a time it will still breathe when our breath is extinct!*

CCCVII.

*Two things are the base of wisdom, the pearls of tradition: eat not of all that is eaten, hold aloof from all that is evil.*

CCCVIII.

*How long wilt thou condemn us, O foolish devotee? We are the frequenters of the tavern, we are given over to drunkenness without cease. Thou art entirely absorbed in thy chaplet, in thy hypocrisy, in thy vile devices. We follow the desires of our hearts with the wine-cup forever in our hand, and our loved one beside us.*

CCCIX.

*The steady march of springs and autumns  
sweep the leaves from our life's trees. Drink  
wine, friend, for the wise have wisely said,  
"Life's cares are a poison, and wine its best  
antidote."*

CCCX.

*Thou who hast burned, who burnest, who  
deservest still to burn, feeding the fire of hell,  
why dost thou call on God to pardon Omar?  
What has God to do with thee? How darest  
thou appeal to His pity?*

CCCXI.

*Art thou full of heaviness? Take thou a  
morsel of basbish, as large as a grain of barley,  
or drink but a small measure of rose-coloured  
wine. Thou art become a sage, truly! Thou  
mayst not drink this, thou takest not that!  
Nothing is left to thee but to eat pebbles—go,  
and eat them then.*

CCCXII.

*No longer, O Reason, will I continue to be thy  
slave; wherefore should I care if in this world  
I remain for fifty years, or but one day is left  
to me? Come, let us drink wine from the flagon  
before we ourselves become pots in the shop of  
the potter.*

CCCXIII.

*I met a wise man in a drunkard's house, and  
asked him tidings of the absent ones. He  
answered, "Drink your wine, for many like unto  
us have gone hence, and not returned again."*

CCCXIV.

*I know not if He who created me belongs to happy paradise or terrible hell, but I know that a cup of wine, a fair paramour, and a lute on the borders of a pleasant land, rejoice my heart in this present hour, and that thou livest on the promise of a future paradise.*

CCCXV.

*It is dawn, ever welcome, beloved, sing your song, and drink your wine, for the long array of months has overthrown a thousand kings like Djemsid and Kai-Khosrow.*

CCCXVI.

*I drink of the wine, and they who oppose it come about me on the right hand and on the left, to persuade me to renounce it, saying that wine is the enemy of religion. But, therefore, because I hold myself an adversary of the faith, I wish by Allah to drink thereof, for it is permitted to drink the blood of one's enemy.*

CCCXVII.

*If I were free to use my will, if I were free from cares of good and evil in this worthless world, how willingly would I choose never to have come here, never to have lived here, never to depart hence.*

CCCXVIII.

*How is it that grapes are sour at first, and after, sweet? How is it that wine is bitter? If a bit of wood is fashioned with a knife into a viol, how is it that the same knife can fashion a lute?*

CCCXIX.

*From afar came one foul-favoured, clad  
about as in smoke of hell, sex-less, horrible.  
He broke our flagon, spilling the red wine, and  
boasted that the deed was glorious.*

CCCXX.

*Since we abide in this world in no fixed  
habitation, it truly would be a fatal error to  
abstain from the wine-cup and the caresses of  
our beloved ones. Oh, man of peace, how long  
wilt thou continue thy vain reasoning on the  
creation and eternity of this world?—What to  
me will be its antiquity or newness when I no  
longer abide herein?*

CCCXXI.

*Plague upon heart-breaking hypocrisy, O  
cup-bearer; up, and hither with the wine, O cup-  
bearer; to buy it, sell the prayer-cloth and the  
sacred turban, for wine is the end of all my  
argument.*

CCCXXII.

*O heart, when thou sittest at the feet of thy  
beloved, thou hast lost thyself to find thyself.  
When thou hast quaffed the wine of nothing-  
ness, thou art set apart from those that are, and  
those that are no more.*

CCCXXIII.

*The commandments of religion only insist on  
the fulfilling of thy obligation to the Deity.  
Refuse not thy morsel of bread to another,  
refrain thy tongue from slander, and seek not  
to render evil to thy neighbour. If thou doest  
this, I myself promise thee the future life.—  
Bring hither the wine!*

CCCXXIV.

*Bestir thyself, since thou art cooped beneath this inexorable vault, drink wine, since thou art perforce in this luckless world. If anything from first to last be but earth, at least bear thyself as if thou still didst walk the earth, not as if thou wert already laid beneath it.*

CCCXXV.

*O heart, my heart you will never know the secret, you will never top the wisdom of the wise. Make for yourself a heaven here with wine, for who knows if you will or will not relish the higher heaven?*

CCCXXVI.

*Choose ignorance, if you have wil, that you may take the bowl of wine from the hands of the drinkers of eternity. But if you are ignorant, ignorance is not for thee. It is not given to all the ignorant to taste the sweets of ignorance.*

CCCXXVII.

*I cannot live without wine, I could not bear the body's burden but for the juice of the vine. I am the slave of that sweet moment when the cup-bearer offers me yet another draught, and I am too drunk to take it.*

CCCXXVIII.

*How long will these wrangle on the five and four, O cup-bearer! It is as hard to understand one as one hundred thousand, O cup-bearer; we are but earth, so tune the lute, O cup-bearer; we are but as soft air, bring wine, O cup-bearer?*

CCCXXIX.

*Wert thou as wise as Aristotle, wert thou as potent as Roman Cæsar, or Monarch of Cathay, drink, drink, I say, in the cup of Djemsbid, for the grave is the end of all, yea, wert thou Babram himself, the tomb is thy final abode.*

CCCXXX.

*A sheikh said to a harlot, "Thou art drunk; each moment thou art caught in someone's nets." She answered unto him, "O sheikh, I am all that thou callest thy servant, but thou, art thou all thou appearest to be?"*

CCCXXXI.

*We have wine, and the well-beloved, and the morning, O cup-bearer. Not from us cometh renunciation, O cup-bearer. How long wilt thou tell the tales of old, O cup-bearer? Bring me sweetly the peace of the soul, O cup-bearer.*

CCCXXXII.

*It is my pleasure to drown my reason in wine: our secret sessions are called for the service of the wine-cup: O hermit of the heart, do not, in your pilgrimage, deny yourself the cup: be like us, who are fire-worshippers, and delight in the lip of the lover.*

CCCXXXIII.

*We take the Koran in one hand, and the wine-cup in the other, and behold we are lured now to the lawful, now to the unlawful delight. Thus it comes to pass that underneath yon spangled bowl we are neither all faithful, nor all faithless.*

CCCXXXIV.

*Drink wine, for behold how the juice moisteneth the sides of the jar. How often need I say that I have broken the seals of all my vows? Yet, is it not better to break the seals of a hundred oaths, than to break the sides of a jar of wine?*

CCCXXXV.

*Do not set the estimate of your life above sixty years; do not set your foot anywhere without being intoxicated. So long as your skull is not made into a jar, do not set the gourd from your shoulders, nor the cup from your hand.*

CCCXXXVI.

*Arise, dash down the cares of fleeting life, be merry in this momentary being. If heaven had been constant in its gifts to others, remember that you could never have taken their turn of enjoyment.*

CCCXXXVII.

*When I gaze, I seem to see the grass, the streams of paradise. Earth, freed from winter's hell, seems turned to heaven, Rest with some fair face in this fair place.*

CCCXXXVIII.

*Follow the footsteps of the kalendars, abide in the tavern, think only of wine, women, and song. With cup and can, O well-beloved, drink and cease to battle of vain things.*



CCCCXXIX.

*We have broken all our vows, we have closed  
the gates of good and evil fame; do not blame  
us for being foolish in our folly, for we are  
drunk with the wine of love.*

CCXXL.

*Reach me tulip-tinted wine, pour the pure  
blood of the vine from the throat of the flagon,  
for where in these days shall I find so true a  
friend save in the wine-cup?*

CCXXLI.

*Those that have gone hence before us, O  
cup-bearer, are lapped in the dust of pride,  
O cup-bearer; drink then thy wine, and bear  
the truth I tell; the words they whispered were  
but wind, O cup-bearer.*

CCXXLII.

*Thou hast stamped us with a strange seal,  
Thou hast made us do strange deeds. How can  
I be better than I am, for such as I am, You drew  
me from the void?*

CCXXLIII.

*Be wise, O my fair, and lighten the load of  
thy lover, for all thy goodly show will not  
endure, like all the world thy feet will go down  
to the dust.*

CCXXLIV.

*Thou who commandest the quick and the dead,  
the wheel of heaven obeys Thy hand. What if  
I am evil, am I not Thy slave? Which then is  
the guilty one? Art Thou not Lord of all?*

CCCXLV.

*O offspring of the four and five, art puzzled  
by the four and five? Drink deep, for I have  
told thee time on time, that once departed, thou  
returnest no more.*

CCCXLVI.

*Now Thou art bidden, known of none, now  
Thou art displayed in all created things. It is  
for Thy own delight that Thou performest these  
wonders, being at once the sport and the specta-  
tor.*

CCCXLVII.

*If you find fame in a town you are considered  
evil. If you live in a nook, you are looked upon  
as a schemer. The best thing for any man, were  
he a saint or a prophet, would be to live, know-  
ing no one, known of no one.*

CCCXLVIII.

*It is better to lighten one sad soul, than to  
people a world. It is nobler to enslave one free  
man with charity, than to set free a thousand  
slaves.*

CCCXLIX.

*Lo, the moment for the morning wine, hear  
the muezzin, O cup-bearer. Here is a wine-  
house, here is wine, we are ready, O cup-bearer.  
This is no time for prayers, cease babbling of  
devotion, drink and be still, O cup-bearer.*

CCCL.

*If I am the friend of wine and drunkenness,  
why should I be blamed? If all unlawful deeds  
produced intoxication, there would be little sober  
reason left on earth.*

## CCCLI.

*In this juggling bouse of life, friendship is a vain thing; be wise and trust none. Bear thy pains, seek no remedy, be cheerful in thy sorrows, and seek not to share them with others.*

## CCCLII.

*O my King, how many a man like me in the rose-bower, in the fair fellowship of dancers and drinkers, remains aloof, an onlooker? A garden, a wine-jar, and a lute are better than Paradise with its streams and houris.*

## CCCLIII.

*I saw a hermit in a desert place. He was neither heretic nor true believer, he had neither riches, nor creed, nor God, nor truth, nor law, nor knowledge. Where is the man of like courage in this world or the other world?*

## CCCLIV.

*Wouldst thou have the world at thy feet, then strengthen thy soul, and believe with me that wisdom lies in drinking wine and daffing the world aside.*

## CCCLV.

*It is well to be of good reputation: it is ill to complain of Heaven's injustice. It is better to be drunk with the blood of the vine than swollen with sham piety.*

## CCCLVI.

*Give me to drink of that flower-coloured wine, O cup-bearer; pour, for my soul is laden with sorrow, O cup-bearer; pour, I say, for in setting me free from myself, it sets me free also from the cares of this world, O cup-bearer.*

## CCCLVII.

*Give me delightful wine, O cup-bearer, that divine juice which, like a chain of linked rings, holds fools and sages in sweet servitude.*

## CCCLVIII.

*This wheel of heaven seeks my destruction and thine, it plots against my soul and thine. Come, seat thyself upon the grass, for in a little while fresh grass will spring from this dust of mine and thine.*

## CCCLIX.

*We are all lovers, all bibbers, all worshippers of the vine, we are all in the tavern free from thoughts of good and evil. Trouble not our intelligence, for we are all drunk.*

## CCCLX.

*Last night in the tavern my familiar friend held out the cup and bade me drink of it. "I will not drink," I said, and he replied, "Drink for my love's sake."*

## CCCLXI.

*Yesterday I sat by a stream with a beautiful girl and a vessel of wine. Before me stood the shell whose pearl gave forth such light that the cock crew, believing it was dawn. H! H!*

CCCLXII.

*Do not heed the speech of frivolous women,  
but seize the cup of clear wine from the hands  
of the comely. All who ever trod this earth  
have vanished one by one, and who can say that  
one has e'er returned?*

CCCLXIII.

*When my soul and thine have flitted, they  
will place a couple of bricks upon my grave and  
thine. Then to make bricks for other tombs  
they will send to the kiln my dust and thine.*

CCCLXIV.

*That palace which touched the heavens, before  
whose door kings bowed the head, we saw the  
ringdove on its battlements, resting and crying,  
"Coo, coo, coo, coo!"*

CCCLXV.

*To drink and delight in fair faces is wiser  
than to affect a hypocritical faith. If all the  
lovers, and all the joyous toppers, go to hell,  
nobody will want to go to Paradise.*

CCCLXVI.

*What is the good of our entrance to, our exit  
from, this world? What has become of all our  
hopes? Where is the breath of all the wise  
and good who have been turned to dust?*

CCCLXVII.

*We drink wine old and new, we would sell the  
world for a brace of barley-corns. Do you  
know where you go after death? Give me  
some wine and go where you please.*

CCCLXVIII.

*Flee from the lessons of learning and piety,  
turn to the tresses round the lovely face, spill  
the blood of the vine in your cup before time  
spills thy blood on the earth.*

CCCLXIX.

*The strong wine of ourselves has exalted us  
with joy; we that were lowly, hold our heads  
high; now we are free from the body's dominion,  
we have returned to earth from whence we rose.*

CCCLXX.

*A fig for mosques, prayers, fastings; bid  
thee to the tavern and get drunk, even if thou  
hast to beg for it. Drink, my bayyám, for  
soon that earth of thine will be fashioned into  
cups and bowls and jars.*

CCCLXXI.

*Not for one hour can I shake off the world,  
not for one moment can I buy content. Long,  
long have I served in the school of sorrow, and  
still am master neither of this world nor the  
next.*

CCCLXXII.

*To you this earthly cup is big with a soul,  
like to a jasmin bearing blossoms of the Judas  
tree. Nay, the fair clearness of the wine  
deceives me, it is clear water big with liquid fire.*

CCCLXXIII.

*This world of dust from corner to corner,  
notwithstanding the study of the Wise-Eyed,  
will see no better production of the faithless  
earth than clear wine and lovely beings.*

CCCLXXIV.

*Hearken unto me, thou that hast not yet seen  
thy friends grow old. Vex not thyself about  
the wheel of heaven, content thee with what thou  
hast, and placidly behold life's juggles with the  
destinies of men.*

CCCLXXV.

*Be genial to the genial revellers, follow, my  
friend, the wisdom of Khayyám. Away with  
prayers, away with fasts; drink deep and be  
kindly.*

CCCLXXVI.

*Are you not ashamed, O Mullab, thus to  
ignore all the ordinances and all the probi-  
tions? Even if you heaped up all the treasures  
of the earth, what can you do with them at last,  
save leave them to some one else?*

CCCLXXVII.

*Do not call to mind the day which has passed  
from you; do not lament for unborn to-morrow,  
do not build on the coming and the past away,  
take the fair hour, and do not cast your life to  
the wind.*

CCCLXXVIII.

*If I, like God, were master of the heavens, I  
would blot them from the world, and fashion  
new skies beneath which free man might gain  
his heart's desire.*

CCCLXXIX.

*Every day at dawn, I will haste to the wine-  
house with the subtle kalendars. O, Thou that  
hast the key to hidden secrets, give me faith if  
Thou wouldst have me prayerful.*

## CCCLXXX.

*Thanks to you, mirror-like disc of heaven,  
thanks to the favours of this fleeting time which  
fall but to the basest, my cheeks, hollow as cups,  
are brimmed with tears, and my heart, like a  
jar, is full of blood.*

## CCCLXXXI.

*There is a bull in heaven named Parwin,  
there is another bull that bears the earth; open  
the eyes of knowledge and behold this drove of  
asses placed between two bulls.*

## CCCLXXXII.

*Lo, light, and wine, and plenitude, O cup-bear-  
er; lo, the beauty lovelier than the captain-jewel,  
O cup-bearer; talk not of earth unto this burning  
heart, cast it not to the wind; bring drink, O  
cup-bearer.*

## CCCLXXXIII.

*Vainly you rave of ruby-tinted lips, vainly  
you whisper of the sweetness of wine, and the  
melodies of lute and dulcimer. Be God my  
witness, that till you sever the ties of earth, your  
existence is vain.*

## CCCLXXXIV.

*All that thou sayest of me is steeped in hate,  
thou callest me unbeliever, atheist: I am what I  
am, and make a vouch of it, but is it just for  
thee to rail at me?*

## CCCLXXXV.

*I can renounce all, but wine — never. I can  
console myself for all else, but for wine — never.  
Is it possible for me to become a good mussul-  
man, and to give up old wine? — Never.*



## CCCLXXXVI.

*Clear comely wine, I fain would drink so  
deep of thy divinity that those beholding me  
from afar should blend my being with thine  
and say, "O Lord Wine, whence comest thou?"*

## CCCLXXXVII.

*Before you drain the cup of death, before the  
wheel of time has hurled you back, get goods and  
gear while you are here, for in the lower land,  
no welcome has the empty hand.*

## CCCLXXXVIII.

*Dearest, while we tread this earth, lift the jar  
and drink its wine. Ere the potter turns to  
shape from thy dust and mine, other jars for  
other lips, fill my cup and empty thine.*

## CCCLXXXIX.

*Thy cup is brimmed with molten rubies, O  
cup-bearer; feed my soul with the flashes of  
that flaming stone, O cup-bearer, give to my  
hands that holy bowl, O cup-bearer, that I might  
lend new being to my soul, O cup-bearer.*

## CCCXC.

*While still you boast of bones, and veins,  
and sinews, abide in the circle of your destiny.  
Yield nothing to your enemy, were he Rustem,  
son of Zal; be under no bond of obligation to  
your friend, were he Hatim Tai.*

## CCCXCI.

*Do you desire a happy life, do you desire a  
heart devoid of care, then drink, drink, drink  
with every passing minute, and from each  
draught find new delight in life.*

CCCXCII.

*I have swept the threshold of the tavern with  
my hair, I have given the good-bye to thoughts  
of good and ill, of this world and the other.  
When I am drunk, they might both roll into a  
ditch, without my heeding them more than two  
barley-corns.*

CCCXCIII.

*I passed into the potter's house of clay, and  
saw the craftsman busy at his wheel, turning  
out pots and jars fashioned from the heads of  
kings, and the feet of beggars.*

CCCXCIV.

*Since thou knowest the secrets, O youth, why  
so racked with despairing doubts? Though the  
wheel of life does not turn to thy pleasure, still  
be merry in this hour, while still thou drawest  
breath.*

CCCXCV.

*Last eve I broke against a stone an earthen  
cup, drunk in the doing of this foolish deed.  
Methought the cup protested unto me "I was like  
thee, thou wilt be like to me."*

CCCXCVI.

*Bear greeting from me to Khayyám and then  
say, "Oh, inexperienced Khayyám, when then  
have I said that wine is unlawful? To the  
foolish it is unlawful, but to the wise it is  
lawful."*

CCCXCVII.

*Still to me my breath, thanks to the cup-bearer, remains, but in the fellowship of created things, discontent remains. Of yestere'en's wine, only a flagon remains, but I know not how much of life yet remains.*

CCCXCVIII.

*When the hand possesses a loaf of wheaten bread, two measures of wine, and a piece of flesh, when seated with tulip-cheeks in some lonely spot, behold such joy as is not given to all sultans.*

CCCXCIX.

*Be not rough with the pot-companions, be not gruff with the wiseacres, but drink your wine, for whether you drink wine or no, if you are seared with hell-fire, you shall not hope to pass into paradise.*

CCCC.

*In the assemblage of lovers we all are seated, from the labour of days we have all escaped, we have emptied the cup of the wine of our desire, we are all free and tranquil and intoxicated.*

CCCCI.

*Thou hast broken my wine-jug, O Lord, Thou hast closed against me the door of delight, O Lord, Thou hast spilt upon the earth my clear wine; earth be in my mouth unless Thou art drunk, O Lord.*

CCCCII.

*A mouthful of wine is better than empire.  
Abjure all save wine. One cup of wine is  
better than the kingdom of Feridoun. The tile  
which covers the mouth of the wine-jar is more  
precious than the crown of Kai-Khosrou.*

CCCCIII.

*Lo, the season of roses is at hand, and then it  
delights me to defy the law of Alkhoran with  
budding girls of tulip-cheeks; for a measure of  
five days my cups shall convert the green grass  
into beds of tulips.*

CCCCIV.

*Bear greeting from me to Mustapha, and  
then with all respect enquire thus, "Why, O  
Lord All-Wise, does Alkhoran make the sour  
salted curds and water lawful, and pure wine  
unlawful?"*

CCCCV.

*O thou that turnest day and night to lust  
after the world, dost thou not think upon the  
heavy day? Look to thyself and to thy latest  
breath, and to the end that thou must share with  
others.*

CCCCVI.

*We made the mouth of a jar our place of  
prayer, the ruby wine made us seem truly men;  
it is better to be in the street of the tavern, than  
to leave life to wither in the mosque.*

CCCCVII.

*Make the conditions of this world easy unto my heart, and make my evil actions secret from creation. Give me to-day my pleasure, and to-morrow inflict on me whatever Thy liberality deems meet.*

CCCCVIII

*Now that the brown bird tells his tale, his tale, think of red wine in the hands of topers, topers. Arise, approach, for the rose expands in gladness, for two or three days thy pains avenge, avenge.*

CCCCIX.

*We are the keys of the scheme of existence, we to wise eyes are the very essence of divinity. Is not the hoop of the world like unto a ring, and are not we the wrought gems thereof?*

CCCCX.

*If I feed in famine-bunted Ramaẓan, it is not through forgetfulness, but because the clinging fasts have changed my days to nights, and deluded me into believing that I ate the morning meal.*

CCCCXI.

*While I searched the pages of the Book of Love, a wise man lifted up his voice and said, "Happy is he who holds in his house a girl more lovely than the moon, and dreams of a night-time longer than a year."*

## CCCCXII

*If thou canst understand the circuit of this wheel, thou must perceive two kinds of men, those knowing good and evil, and those that know neither themselves nor aught else.*

## CCCCXIII.

*O friend, abide tranquil in thy day, nor grieve for fleeting time in vain, when the garb of life is rent, it matters little what thou hast done, what thou hast said, and in what way thou hast been stained.*

## CCCCXIV.

*Whenever on this green earth we are affected by joy, like unto the green steed of the sky, then with green youth I eat green basbiss on the green sward until I lie below the green of the earth.*

## CCCCXV.

*O thou, the quintessence of the sum of existence, cease a moment to think upon evil gain, take one cup of wine from the eternal Saki, and set thyself free from the cares of both worlds.*

## CCCCXVI.

*Arise, arise from thy place of sleep, O cup-bearer, give us, O give us clear wine, O cup-bearer, ere yet the cups of our beads are made into flagons, pour from thy flagon into our cup, O cup-bearer.*

## CCCCXVII.

*To the wise reader in the Book of Life, joy, sorrow, weal, and woe are all alike. Since good and ill alike must have their end, it matters little whether our portion be good or evil.*

CCCCXVIII.

*Cease babbling of the Koran, cup-bearer,  
give me free quarters at the wine-house, O cup-  
bearer; the night of those free quarters in the  
inn shall be my night of nights, O cup-bearer.*

CCCCXIX.

*Know you why at the hour of the dawning  
the cock shrills his frequent clarion? It is but  
to remind you by the mirror of morning, that  
from your existence a night has slipped, and  
you are still ignorant.*

CCCCXX.

*Art wise enough to learn in little the truth of  
man? A miserable being moulded from the  
mud of sorrow. A little while he eats upon  
this earth, then lifts his foot to wander hence.*

CCCCXXI.

*Never with cheer a drop of water do we con-  
sume, but from the band of sorrow we consume  
wine. We never dip a bit of bread in salt, but  
we consume our own vitals.*

CCCCXXII.

*Lord, free me from this puzzle of the more  
and less. Absorb me in Thee and free me from  
myself. While I can reason I know good and  
evil: intoxicate me, and free me from knowl-  
edge of good and evil.*

CCCCXXIII.

*Oh Lord, have mercy on my captive heart,  
have mercy on my sorrow-laden breast, have  
mercy on my tavern-turning foot, and on my  
band that catches at the cup.*

CCCCXXIV.

*I am what Thy power fashioned. I have  
lived a hundred years rich in Thy gifts and  
grace. I would fain live yet one hundred years  
of sin and see in the end if the sum of my faults  
or Thy pity be the greater.*

CCCCXXV.

*Say, what man on earth has never sinned?  
Say, who could live and never sin? If, there-  
fore, because I do ill You punish me by ill, say,  
then, where is the difference between Thee and  
me?*

CCCCXXVI.

*Justice is the soul of the world, and the world  
is a body. The angels are its senses, the skies  
its elements, humanity its limbs. This is the  
eternal unity, all else is delusion.*

CCCCXXVII.

*The cares of this world are not worth one  
barley-corn. We are happy. If we breakfast  
we do not dine. We are happy. Naught cooked  
comes to us from the kitchen. We beseech no  
one. We are happy.*

CCCCXXVIII.

*My poor heart, sympathetic and distraught,  
is deeply drowned in the love of my well-beloved.  
The day the wine of love was poured, my share  
was drawn from the blood of my heart.*

CCCCXXIX.

*They bid me drink less wine, and wonder why  
I will not renounce. Why, because the face of  
my friend is the morning wine. Could there  
be a better reason?*



CCCCXXX.

*O thou whose lip is wet with the water of life, do not let the lip of the cup come nigh. May I lose my name if I do not slake my vengeance in the blood of the cup that dares to lay its lips to thine.*

CCCCXXXI.

*Take cup and flagon in thy hands, beloved, let us hasten to the fields and streams, for many maidens lovely as the moon have been turned at last into cups and flagons.*

CCCCXXXII.

*Do not riot in the tavern; abide there without brawling. Sell your turban, sell your Koran to buy wine, then hurry past the mosque without going in.*

CCCCXXXIII.

*Never wound with sorrow a joyous heart, nor break with the stones of torment one moment of delight. Since none can say what is to come, our needs are wine, a beloved, and desireful ease.*

CCCCXXXIV.

*Some meditate of religions and beliefs, some sway bewildered betwixt doubt and knowledge. Suddenly the watcher cries, "Fools, your road is not here nor there."*

CCCCXXXV.

*Where are ruby lips, jewels of youth?  
Where is the scented wine that soothes the soul?  
It is forbidden by the Moslem creed.  
Drink, for where is the Moslem creed?*

CCCCXXXVI.

*O evil-doer, never doing good, who seek shelter with Divinity, beware of trusting to be pardoned, for the nothing-doer resembles not the doer any more than the doer represents the nothing-doer.*

CCCCXXXVII.

*Best to dwell in joy alone, best to take the cup from the fingers of the most fair, best the intoxication of the kalendars, best is wine of all that lies between the moon and the earth.*

CCCCXXXVIII.

*The heaven is a bowl inverted over our heads. The wise are shamed and feeble, but the cup and jar are fast friends. They are lip to lip though blood flows between them.*

CCCCXXXIX.

*The drop of water sorrowed to be sundered from the ocean. Ocean smiling said, "We are all in all, God is within and around us, and we are divided but by an imperceptible point.*

CCCCXL.

*Oh, would that there were a place to rest, that by this road we might arrive; oh, that after a hundred thousand years we might arise anew from the heart of the earth like the green grasses.*

CCCCXLI.

*Weep not for this bustling world, call for wine and for your dear, for that from which man dropped to-day, he seeks to enter again to-morrow.*

CCCCXLII.

*Know thyself if thou art wise, and see what thou hast brought with thee, and what thou wilt take away. You will not drink forsooth because you must die. Why, whether you drink or no, you must die.*

CCCCXLIII.

*Let not the weight of the world oppress you, do not vex your soul with the thought of those who have passed away, yield not your heart save to the fairest of the fair, never lack good wine nor cast your life to the wind.*

CCCCXLIV.

*Whenever you can get two measures of wine, drink, where-ever you may be, for he who acts thus is free from thy scorn or my scorn.*

CCCCXLV.

*They bid you drink no wine under penalty of fiery pains on the day of reckoning. Nevertheless, the moment in which wine makes you happy is better than the rewards of this world or the next.*

CCCCXLVI.

*Alas, Fate will not let me live anigh thee, yet I cannot bear to live a hair's breadth apart from thee. I dare not share my woes with anyone. Oh, hard lot, strange sorrow, fair passion.*

CCCCXLVII.

*If you delight in darkening the free heart, wear mourning for your wits your whole life long, and be accursed for the fool you are.*

CCCCXLVIII.

*I would that God rebuild the world anew,  
and that I might see the work begun. I would  
that God blotted my name from the roll of life,  
or of His bounty made life seem more fair.*

CCCCXLIX.

*Give me a flagon of red wine, a book of  
verses, a loaf of bread, and a little idleness.  
If with such store I might sit by thy dear side  
in some lonely place, I should deem myself  
happier than a king in his kingdom.*

CCCCL.

*We trust in Divine Goodness which delivers  
us from sin and duty, for where Thy loving  
kindness is, he who does not, and he who does  
are equal.*

CCCCLI.

*Be resigned to sorrow if you wish to escape  
it, do not complain of your hurts if you would  
have them healed. If you would fain taste the  
joy of riches, then thank Providence for your  
poverty.*

CCCCLII.

*The flowers are full in blossom, O cup-  
bearer; bring wine and quit your prayers, O  
cup-bearer; ere yet death's angel rises up  
against us, come cup in hand, and be happy  
awhile with the beloved, O cup-bearer.*

CCCCLIII.

*Drink wine, dear friend, and delight in your  
beloved, give smug hypocrisy the go-by. Do  
you follow the law of Mahommed, then take a  
cup of wine from the bowl when Ali plays the  
cup-bearer.*

CCCCLIV.

*In the kitchen of life, you savour only the smoke. How long will you study in sorrow the problem of being and not being? This world is loss to those that cling to it. Cast it adrift, and lo! the loss is gain.*

CCCCLV.

*Oh, Thou whose essence is unknowable to mind, Thou who heedest neither our faults nor our virtues, I am drunk with sins, but my trust in Thee makes me sober, I count upon Thy clemency.*

CCCCLVI.

*Though we have no wish to vex men in their sleep, to shock the night with their despairing cries, still do not pride yourself either on your wealth or your comeliness, for a single night may sweep them both away.*

CCCCLVII.

*If from the first You made me know myself, why after would You sunder me from myself? If from the first it was Your purpose to abandon me, why did You fling me helpless into the middle of this world?*

CCCCLVIII.

*If the ways of the world were but based on imitation, all days would be holidays. Were it not for those vain threatenings, everyone might live life to his own liking.*

CCCCLXIX.

*Heart, my heart, if you free yourself from earthly cares, you will become pure soul and scale the skies. Then what a shame and sorrow to have dwell on earth !*

CCCCLX.

*O potter, have a care if you are wise, how long will you degrade the clay of man ? It is the finger of Feridoun, it is the hand of Kai-Khosrou, that you place upon the wheel. What are you thinking of ?*

CCCCLXI.

*If in this life you feasted full, what then ? Suppose the latest of your days has come, what then ? If you have lived a hundred happy years and have yet a hundred years to live, what then ?*

CCCCLXII.

*Knowest thou why the lily and the cypress have such fair renown with men ? Because the one, with ten tongues, is silent ; because the other with a hundred hands, keeps them from picking and stealing.*

CCCCLXIII.

*Behold in the zephyr the robe of the rose expanding, the nightingale delighting in the beauty of the rose ; sit in the shade of the rose, for many times this rose from earth has come and unto earth has gone.*

CXXX

CCCCLXIV.

*Woe's me for wasted life, for prohibited pleasures, and contaminated bodies. My face is blackened for not having done what Thou hast ordered. How then if I had done what Thou hast not ordered?*

CCCCLXV.

*How long shall I vex me with the have or have-not, with wondering if I should or should not pass life pleasantly? Nay, fill the cup, my cup-bearer, for in truth I know not if I shall breathe out the breath I now breathe in.*

CCCCLXVI.

*In this bouse of life, philosopher, drink red wine, so every atom of thy dust which the wind yet shall carry, will fall steeped in wine, on the threshold of the tavern.*

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SMITH & SALE  
PORTLAND  
MAINE**





